

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART



No. 1,964, Vol. 75.

June 17, 1893.

Registered for
Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	643
Lord Salisbury's Speech	646
A Classical Interview	647
Egypt and India	648
Mr. Goschen's Speech	648
Our Irish Masters	649
A War Minister on Duelling	650
Lieutenant Mizon Again	650
O'Gunter and McNoddy	651
Panama the Irrepressible	652

MISCELLANEOUS—

The Recent Solar Eclipse	652
The Average Parisienne	653
Money Matters	654
Palstaff at the Royal Institution	655
Alcohol in Norway seen by Nor- wegian Eyes—II.	656
A Dutch Cabinet	657
The Jubilee of the C. U. M. S.	658
Theatres	658

REVIEWS—

Many Inventions	659
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Shocking Disclosures	660
W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival	660
Novels	662
The Journal of Christopher Columbus	663
Voodoo Charms and Sorceries	663
Recollections of Dr. John Brown	664
Two Books about Australia	665
Masters of English Music	666
French Literature	667
New Books and Reprints	668

ADVERTISEMENTS..... 669-674

CHRONICLE.

The Duke of York. **T**HE Duke of YORK opened the new Richmond municipal buildings this day week with considerable state. Many details of the marriage ceremonies have been officially published this week.

In Parliament. Yesterday week the House of Lords, though it did not sit very long, did after its fashion more work in three hours than the Commons generally do in eight. After some discussion of the Red Sea lighthouses and the island of Rarotonga (that singular compound of a British protectorate and a theocracy, where it is necessary to hold up a torch with one hand if you put the other round a girl's waist at night), the favourite measure of the British Nonconformist, the Places of Worship (Sites) Bill, came on. It was read a second time, Lord SALISBURY accusing it of being, and Lord KIMBERLEY confessing it to be, one of the worst drafted Bills ever known, and one requiring a thorough recast in Committee. Then Lord ROSEBURY introduced the North Pacific Seal Fishery Bill, to extend the provisions of the *modus vivendi* with the United States in regard to Russia. This, too, was read a second time. In the Lower House the morning (Home Rule) debate was chiefly noticeable for growing ill-temper among the Nationalists and a fine burst of indignation from Mr. CLANCY. The evening sitting was devoted to Mr. LOGAN and his resolution on the Agricultural Holdings Act, which, after discussion, was accepted. Dr. MACGREGOR's suggestion of closing Clause 3 straight through had, by the way, been declined by the Chairman with a friendly hint that Dr. MACGREGOR is not Mr. GLADSTONE.

In the House of Lords, on *Monday*, some alterations were introduced in the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill, which passed through Committee. In the Lower House the debate on the Incubus was quiet, but the amendments proposed were of no small importance, dealing with such subjects as banking, insurance, marriage, and the census. In only one case (an amendment concerning weights and measures) was the proposal accepted, so that the Irish patriot's three-hooped pot will not have ten hoops in any case. But the rest were rejected by majorities ruling small—40 being never touched, and the number once falling below 30.

The House of Lords was, on *Tuesday*, the scene of a

pretty satisfactory debate on the recent very unsatisfactory resolution of about an eighth of the House of Commons as to holding examinations for the Civil Service in India. Lord CROSS, Lord SALISBURY, Lord NORTHBROOK, and the Duke of ARGYLL, all speaking with expert as well as general authority, riddled this unlucky bit of dangerous doctrinairism; while Lord SALISBURY took occasion to enter a well-deserved protest against the practice of snapping resolutions on special points of actual government, by thin Houses, on private members' nights. Lord KIMBERLEY, maintaining and emphasizing the tone of his remarks (see below) at the Mansion House, the night before, explained that the Government of India was left to exercise absolutely unfettered discretion in the matter. This—unless there are two Lord RIBONS in the world, which seems impossible—should allay anxiety even for the future. In the Lower House, Mr. GLADSTONE explained that he was about to refit the shattered ships of his financial proposals. Clause 3 was the most noteworthy thing that passed in the subsequent debate, which still, under Clause 4, turned on limitations. Some concessions were made by the Government, but the sting was, perhaps, taken out of them, for the Irish members, by Mr. GLADSTONE's unexpected declaration of his readiness to swear, in a general way, anything that Mr. HEALY wanted when he was appealed to by Mr. BALFOUR.

Progress on *Wednesday* was of an average kind, all the amendments being of real importance, if none of the very first. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, "returning," as his learned friend Sir HENRY JAMES rather maliciously remarked, "from a light-hearted country," was almost excessively volatile.

On *Thursday* Lord ROSEBURY, in the House of Lords, being interpellated on the Siamese business, answered in effect that he knew little and had better say less. An ostensibly quiet day in the Commons saw an extremely important attempt to discover what the Government does mean by "due process of law."

Politics out of At Pomfret yesterday week Mr. Justice Parliament. HAWKINS and Mr. Justice CAVE, while expressing disapproval of the manner in which the petition had been conducted, unseated the respondent, Mr. RECKITTS, because somebody else had paid some third person's railway fare to the tune of divers—that is to say, two—shillings. This made, in addition to Swansea and Linlithgow, the third Gladstonian seat vacant,

which was in itself good; but it is impossible not to feel that in election matters the law most emphatically is "a hass" at present. Perhaps the most remarkable piece of political news on Saturday was the alleged retirement of Mr. SEXTON from Parliament and the Irish party, reasons being assigned of various kinds, from the management of the *Freeman's Journal* to the concessiveness of the Government. By Monday it was confidently affirmed that the former was the true reason, the masterfulness of TIMOTHY HEALY, Esq., having prevailed. Such things we decide not. But if the Irish party cannot keep from childish or womanish squabbles in the face of the enemy, and at the very moment when it is all important to prove their worthiness and wisdom—if such things are done in the greenest of what precious persons call their blooth—what will be done in the dry tree of accomplished Home Rule?

The great and excellently organized meeting in South London addressed by Lord SALISBURY on Monday night was a complete success, and heard a capital speech, the best parts of which were the ridicule of the "angelic theory" of the Irish character, and the final sweeping away of "this crazy and ignominious dream of Home Rule." The rowdyism which is now the only Gladstonian argument prudently confined itself in the main to an overflow meeting, which it succeeded in disturbing. A disclosure of immense importance was made on the same day, the Inland Revenue authorities confessing to a mistake of account which sweeps away two-thirds of the half-million which was to make the Bill workable. It was also announced that the portrait of Mr. T. H. BOLTON had been removed from the St. Pancras Reform Club, in consequence of his conduct on the Bill—an awful ceremony, but an incomplete. Where did they put it? or were upright flames painted on its garments before destruction? It was further reported that the resolution of the Irish party which had caused Mr. SEXTON'S resignation had been rescinded. *A toi, TIM*, to resign, TOM having been placated. So that, on the whole, the extra-Parliamentary news of Tuesday morning was rather palpitating.

On Tuesday Mr. BALFOUR unveiled a bust of the late Mr. W. H. SMITH at the St. Martin's Town Hall, making a pretty speech about the subject; Mr. SEXTON wrote a rather high and mighty letter consenting to "play" again; and more dark and terrible rites were performed by the North St. Pancras Liberal and Radical Association over the effigy of Mr. T. H. BOLTON, found guilty of having a conscience and will of his own.

Yesterday it was announced that Mr. GLADSTONE had procured the "Lord" for the Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester—"For the children of this world are in their generation," &c. It is true that the feelings of Leeds, Sheffield, and other towns must be reckoned with. Mr. MORROGH, M.P., an Irish member, had resigned because he wishes to go to South Africa and does not like the management of the Irish party. The Linlithgow polling had taken place, but the votes were not to be counted till yesterday.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. This day week we learnt that FORD'S Theatre, Washington, famous as the scene of the killing of LINCOLN, but recently a Government office, had collapsed with much loss of life. Arrangements for the new Greek Funding Loan were said to have been concluded. Count KALNOKY had rebuked the petulance of the German misreaders of his speeches to the Delegations.

On Saturday itself Mr. BAYARD, the new American Ambassador to England, arrived, and a serious convict outbreak, well suppressed by the Soudanese soldier-guard, occurred in Egypt. Here, also, it was said that

the KHEDIVE was about to pay his official visit to the SULTAN.

By far the most interesting item of Tuesday's foreign news was the promise and a preliminary sketch of revelations of M. MIZON'S doings on the Niger.

Foreign news on Wednesday was almost *nil*, and the chief article of Thursday's was a reported strike of barristers in Spain.

Yesterday morning news was a little livelier, and included the indecisive beginnings of the German elections; the expulsion from Egypt of the proprietor of the firebrand paper called the *Ustaz*; and the quashing, on technical grounds, by the Court of Cassation, of the sentences on M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS and his associates for swindling.

Banquets, Meetings, and Lectures. A great dinner was given at the Mansion House to Lord ROBERTS on Monday, and attended by the Dukes of CONNAUGHT and

CAMBRIDGE, some other members of the Royal Family ("cormorants," as that organ of sweetness and light, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, calls them, are in place at a banquet), and a great number of officers, peers, and persons of multifarious distinction. The guest of the evening gave one of those masterly sketches of the present and future state of the defence of India in which he excels, and was warmly welcomed in the remaining speeches, of which Lord KIMBERLEY'S, with its pointed reference to the necessity of maintaining the European Civil Service intact (Messrs. PAUL, NAOROH, & Co., please take notice), was, perhaps, the most noteworthy.—On Wednesday Professor MICHAEL FOSTER delivered at Cambridge the Rede Lecture, selecting "Weariness" as his subject—and certainly thereof at the present day is good store.—Mr. GOSCHEN, before the British Economic Association, discussed the relation of Ethics and Economics and the views thereon recently. So clear-sighted a thinker could hardly fail to see that much of the mischief of the moment is due to the muddling of two things, the spheres of which are essentially quite different, though neither is to be neglected by the *phronimos*.—Another dinner was given by the East India United Service Club on Thursday under the presidency of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to Lord ROBERTS, who took occasion to lay stress on the great part played by his predecessor, Sir DONALD STEWART, in the defence scheme.

Mr. Selous and Mr. Stanley. A very singular passage of arms (in which "ALLAN QUATERMAIN" had altogether the best of it) is said to have occurred at Mr. SELOUS'S lecture on Tuesday, between that valiant Englishman and Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Mr. SELOUS having told his tale, Mr. STANLEY politely rose, and said he wished that Mr. SELOUS had been fined 10*l.* each for the eight hundred beasts he had killed—but *not*, by the way, boasted of. Now, we are as little in favour of the indiscriminate slaughter of big game as any man can be. But Mr. SELOUS'S answer was equally modest and convincing, and perhaps his amiable omission of an obvious retort was the best part of it. Why this extraordinary tenderness for four-footed game only? and if you come to arithmetic, what would be some people's "tottle" at 10*l.* a head for bipeds—excluding ostriches and other feathered fowl?

Cambridge. In the Mathematical Tripos, or rather its first part, Mr. MANLEY of Christ's came out Senior Wrangler. Of wrangleresses by courtesy, Miss JOHNSON of Newnham was chief, coming in between the fifth and sixth male persons. On the same day (Tuesday) honorary doctorates in several faculties were conferred on Lord ROBERTS, Lord HERSCHELL, and the Maharajah of BHOWNUGGER, on Professor ZUPITZA and Mr. STANDISH O'GRADY, and on an interesting quatuor of musicians—MM. SAINT-SAËNS, BRUCH, BOÏTO, and

TSCHAIKOWSKY, who, but for the absence of Herr GRIEG, would have been a quintet.

The Law Courts. This day week Mr. Justice CHITTY refused an application to sell the well-known HOPE Collection of pictures under the Settled Lands Act. At the Marylebone Police Court light was thrown on the marriage customs of the tribe of unprimitive savages called the Salvation Army.—On Monday a rap was administered to the knuckles of those public bodies who, being public servants, think to be public masters by the awarding of the heavy damages of 150*l.* to a young woman, whom a tramway Company had “maliciously prosecuted” for twopence more.—Mr. CHARRINGTON, that amiable temperance fanatic, was more mildly taught (with a 5*l.* rod only) that he must not slander publicans, though he was absolved of the terrible crime of maintenance.

Racing. A remarkably good fight took place on Sunday for the Grand Prix between Ragotzky and Ravensbury. It was thought by some that Mr. ROSE's horse, who was getting up fast and was only beaten by a very short head, would have won in a few more strides; but, as it was, his fate of second place to him, even as though he had not run oversea.

Ascot opened with very fine weather, but terribly hard going. Mr. LOWTHER's Workington made an example of some fair horses in the Trial Stakes to begin with. The Gold Vase was a walk over for Convent; Lord ROSEBURY's Illuminata colt did what was expected of him in the Coventry Stakes; Sir R. JARDINE's Enniskillen had little difficulty with the Ascot Stakes, and the same owner's Red Ensign still less with the Prince of Wales's Stakes.

The Royal Hunt Cup on Wednesday (a piece of plate which, by all accounts, some care has been taken this year to execute in a fashion different from that of the misshapen lump of silver that usually does duty for a racing prize) was well won from a large field by Baron DE ROTHSCHILD's Amandier. Lord ELLESMERE's Phocion justified the odds laid on him in a good fight for the Ascot Derby, and Mr. BAIRD's Silene made an example of the whilom Oaks favourite, Dame President, in the Coronation Stakes.

The Gold Cup on Thursday—though the field, as usual in these degenerate days with long-distance races, was small—was interesting, all the horses entered, Marcion, Buccaneer, Ragimunde, and Orvieto, being in their different ways good. The three-year-old Marcion won by eight lengths—a very fine performance, despite the weight he was receiving. Orme had no difficulty with Lady Lena in the Rous Memorial Stakes, which, had La Flèche and Isinglass (who were both entered) started, would have been the most exciting race for many years. Lord ELLESMERE's Phocion had another win in the St. James's Palace Stakes from Raeburn, the unlucky and overworked Ravensbury, and the PRINCE OF WALES's Turiddu.

Cricket. Yesterday week Yorkshire beat Essex, M.C.C. Kent, and Surrey Lancashire, the two last-named matches being remarkable for Dr. GRACE's 128 in one, and Mr. W. W. READ's 147 in the other. But the biggest scoring of the week was in Notts v. Sussex at Brighton, where the Northern county ran up 674 in one innings, over three hundred of which were contributed in equal shares by SHREWSBURY and GUNN, while BARNES also went into three figures. The Australians v. Cambridge showed more ups and downs; for the visitors, after making more than fifty for no wicket, got all out for 196, had to follow on, and then made 160 for three wickets only.

This state of things continued on Saturday, the Australians making 319. Even then, with the advantage of the first innings, it was by no means impossible that Cambridge might win; but the eleven

broke down badly and were beaten by 117, an even worse defeat being only averted by the excellent stand made by that man of Ind, Mr. RANJITSINJHI—

Orientis partibus
Venit Ranjitsinjhias
Cricketer fortissimus.

And so they gave him his “blue.”

None of Monday's matches equalled in interest that between the M.C.C. and the Australians, in which the visitors having made 231 (more than a third of it contributed by Mr. LYONS), the Club compiled 114 for two wickets (one of them, however, Mr. STODDART's), Dr. GRACE being left at 71 not out.

Next day the Australians could do little against Mr. KORTRIGHT's fast bowling, and M.C.C. going in again, Dr. GRACE and Mr. STODDART between them made nearly half the runs required, 175, and were left in. Meanwhile, a very different and exceedingly close fight had been going on between Yorkshire and Surrey—a bowlers' match entirely, in which not more than eight runs per wicket were made on the average. In the last innings the bowling of HIRST and WARDALL, and the fielding of ULYETT and TUNNICLIFF, were too much for Surrey, and they lost by 58 runs.

As had been expected, the remaining runs in the Australian match at Lord's were obtained on Wednesday by the M.C.C. with little difficulty, and, at the expense of one more batsman only after Dr. GRACE and Mr. STODDART were out (the latter for a fine 74), the Club landed the match handsomely by seven wickets. Leicestershire beat Notts, FINNEY and POUCHER bowling very well indeed, and TOMLIN, another Leicester professional, making 105.

Yachting. The Royal Thames race from the Nore to Dover, this day week, brought out all the big cutters (the report as to the *Calluna's* retirement to hospital being apparently false), and the schooner *Amphitrite* as well. The latter and the *Iverna* were outclassed, and the *Satanita*, though going very well, was evidently not even yet in her right trim. But the *Calluna* did better than at Harwich; and the *Britannia* and *Valkyrie* had another famous fight, the PRINCE OF WALES's yacht coming in first by seventeen seconds, but losing by time allowance, which was subsequently rectified on remeasurement, so that she won after all.

At the Cinque Ports Regatta, on Monday, the *Britannia* might have won on the merits, but did so actually by the breaking of the *Valkyrie's* main halliard block, or, as some say, of the jaws of her gaff.

The Dover to Boulogne race next day, on the other hand, resulted in a general stramash. As anything over twenty was admitted, nine yachts started, but the *Vendetta*, *Britannia*, and *Valkyrie*, by the fault of the first-named, got mixed up, and the *Vendetta* and *Britannia* were disabled. The *Valkyrie* got clear with some damage and the loss of twelve minutes time, which in the end gave the race to the *Calluna*. It should be observed that the new forty *Lais* has been sailing much better this week, and outpacing the *Varuna*.

Correspondence. The Geographical Society dispute raged furiously yesterday week, a certain Mr. HICKS demanding Mr. FRESHFIELD's head in a charger, or, let us say, on an atlas.—An excellent letter was published this week from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, declining, in terms very polite but extremely distinct, to have anything to do with the piece of tomfoolery called a “Parliament of Religions” at Chicago.—Mr. HOLT HALLETT contributed an important letter on the France and Siam question yesterday morning.

Miscellaneous. A great rabblement assembled in Hyde Park last Saturday to demonstrate in favour of the Local Veto Bill—or to stare at the

demonstrators.—On the same day Mr. BRYCE gave his valedictory lecture at Oxford as Professor of Civil Law, and threw a sunset glow of rosiest light over the history of the University during his tenure of nearly a quarter of a century. Yet there are who would say that since 1870 the University and Mr. BRYCE have both changed considerably for the worse.—High prices (mingled with some remarkable drops) were obtained for the FIELD and HEYWOOD pictures at CHRISTIE'S last week. The HOBBEEMA, which had been much admired, fetched 4,500 guineas, and a charming GREUZE 2,900. The plate and general *bric-à-brac* of the FIELD Collection fetched relatively even higher prices, the most interesting, if not the most beautiful, object, Queen ELIZABETH'S Prayer-Book, going, of course, to a dealer. Still later, "SHAKSPEARE'S "jug and cane" were sold, as well as some very pretty furniture.

Societies. The last week has seen the formation of two more of those literary Societies, or clubs, which have done such useful work already. One intends to publish the Abbey Chartularies of Norman times, and the other (called the Monson Society, from the Elizabethan worthy of that name) to do the same good office for documents connected with the navy. To both, but especially to the latter, we give good wishes and a single piece of advice—Be punctual. It is the curse of literary Societies to let their publications drag in arrear till they first disgust, and then lose, their subscribers.

Obituary. Sir JOHN HUDSON, Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, was thrown from his horse at Poona yesterday week and killed. By a most extraordinary coincidence this is the second accidental death of a Presidential Commander-in-Chief which has occurred since the Bill for the extinction of the two commands was brought in.—General Sir FREDERICK CHAPMAN had played a very important part in the Engineer branch at the siege of Sebastopol and elsewhere.

Theatres. The Comédie Française began its London season on Monday night at Drury Lane with *Les Plaideurs*, the *Malade Imaginaire*, and a pretty verse address from M. CLARETIE'S pen.—Some interesting *matinée* experiments were made during the week, such as Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER'S *Bess* at the St. James's; *St. Ronan's Well*, by Mr. R. DAVEY and Mr. W. H. POLLOCK, at the Trafalgar Square (both on Monday); and Dr. IBSEN'S *Enemy of the People*, by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, at the Haymarket, on Thursday.

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

WERE it not that it seems inhuman to deny the Gladstonians the few pathetic crumbs of comfort which are all that they can pick up in the present Parliamentary situation, we should have said that the hour at which Lord SALISBURY addressed the Unionists of South London last Monday was an hour of un-mixed darkness for his opponents. But let us rather reverently hail with them the faint—the desperately faint—gleam of light which they have detected in the attempt to struggle through the gloom. "Real progress"—that is, to the extent of no fewer than six of the amendments then still remaining to be discussed on the Third Clause—"was made" that night, we were told, "in Committee on the Home Rule Bill." On one occasion Mr. GLADSTONE actually got up and said "Accepted" with such "magical effect" that the amendment passed without further discussion; and the last division "ran up" the Government majority (of 42) to 37. But having rendered homage to justice by enumerating these circumstances of encouragement, and adding to them the further fact that

the Third Clause now actually stands part of the Bill, we may, on our part, invite the Gladstonians to admit that, but for the former of these consolations, the outlook on Monday last would have been melancholy indeed. It is not pleasant to see a majority of 40 odd drop suddenly to 29, whatever the reason; and among all reasons for its fall one certainly would prefer to have to attribute it to the fact that some sixty members of the thus depleted party are engaged elsewhere quarrelling among themselves. Again, it is not exactly exhilarating to find that the financial basis of a measure which you have been six solemn months framing, and twice as many agitated weeks debating, is vitiated by an error of between three and four hundred thousand pounds on a total of less than two millions and a quarter. But when the mistake—or rather the correction—is so conspicuously and emphatically on the wrong side; when it must of necessity add hugely to the discontent of a body of followers who are discontented enough already; and when it threatens to precipitate the collapse of tottering confidence among even the remnant of faithful—well, in such circumstances, the publication of the Parliamentary paper issued last Monday under the hands of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue might well have been the drop which caused the cup of Gladstonian unhappiness to overflow.

At the very least this combination of discomfitures must have made the evening of Monday seem to the sorely-tried Separatist a very ineligible occasion for the delivery of one of Lord SALISBURY'S speeches. These discourses—partly by reason of a certain characteristic plainness of speech which the Radical victim, as he rubs his smarting shoulders, is wont to describe ruefully as "indiscretion"—are awaited always with considerable anxiety on the Gladstonian side. To have been demoralized by a series of political mishaps is a bad preparation for the ordeal of facing Lord SALISBURY at his best; and Lord SALISBURY was not far from his best on the platform of the Surrey Theatre, addressing the meeting convened by the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations to protest against the Home Rule Bill. Every circumstance of the occasion was, in fact, well calculated to inspirit the orator of the evening. To begin with, the arrangements for the meeting—a matter of no little importance—had been managed as excellently, because by the same skilled organizer, as have been those of all the other great Unionist meetings in London; and their perfect working on this important occasion adds another to the obligations under which the Secretary of the National Union of Conservative Associations has laid his party. In the next place, Lord SALISBURY not only appeared to be in excellent health, spirits, and fighting form, but had evidently felt the influence of that mood of cheerful confidence which is daily gaining ground throughout his party, both in Parliament and in the country, as the amazing weakness of the Gladstonian case for the Bill has day by day been more and more clearly exposed. And the consequence was that Lord SALISBURY made a speech which, for force of reasoning, comprehensiveness of outlook, and felicity of sarcasm, he has rarely surpassed.

It is usually no bad plan to examine the columns of the Gladstonian press after one of these castigations in order to find, as one might from perusing the dorsal region of the garotter, where the lash has been laid on with most effect. On the whole, the Gladstonians seem to be sorest on the subject of Mr. GLADSTONE'S long career of unbroken failure as a projector of remedial legislation for Ireland; and we gather that they particularly feel the charge against their leader of having himself contributed largely to the promotion of that Irish turbulence which he has

again and again—and each time by legislation which was “to close the question for ever”—ineffectually attempted to allay. His virtuously indignant followers cannot, of course, deny the failure of the remedies; what excites their virtuous indignation is, that he should be accused of aggravating the virulence of the disease. Even, however, in the very torrent, tempest, and (as one may say) whirlwind of their passion, one at least of these excellent actors retains sufficient presence of mind to misstate the accusation in order to simplify his reply. No such absurd charge as that of having created the discontent and disorder of Ireland was levelled at Mr. GLADSTONE by Lord SALISBURY, who, on the contrary, was careful to assign their due importance to those “terrible economic trials” which his Gladstonian critic brazenly accuses him of having left out of account. But that Mr. GLADSTONE exacerbated the disease, so far as it was genuine disease, by quack remedies, and that he monstrosly stimulated the growth and extended the power of the pestilent tribe of agitators who feed the fever of the wretched patient for their own purposes, is as clear as the sun at noonday. And when such an indictment as that can be laid against the English statesman who is responsible for nearly all the Irish legislation of the last five-and-twenty years, it would be the veriest superfluity of folly on the part of an accuser to weaken his case by overstatement.

The controversy, however, is a purely collateral one. Lord SALISBURY's main concern with Mr. GLADSTONE's many Irish failures was of another kind. His object was to convince that one type of British elector whose temperament constitutes the only but the grave danger of the situation—the elector who is “sick of Ireland,” and indolently follows Mr. GLADSTONE's lead in the hope of ridding himself of the eternal Irish question—that that way lies sickness greater still. It was to this deluded seeker after an unattainable relief that Lord SALISBURY's argument was addressed throughout. If only his inert imagination could be quickened to the point of realizing that Ireland of the future—and, above all, that Britain of the future—which Lord SALISBURY traced out for him with such a master hand! If only he could now see the lesser island with the intellectual vision, as he would see it a few years hence with the bodily eye, the helpless prey of the evils which its benefactor seeks to let loose upon it, distracted by warring factions, bled by greedy place-hunters, mined by revolutionary conspiracy, beggared by corrupt administration, even that might be enough. But if to that he could add a mental picture of the greater island, dishonoured by its betrayal of its sons, and weakened by the surrender to its foes, its Executive divided, its Legislature disorganized, its finances paralysed, unable to increase its Customs duties, unable to lower its Excise, its Parliament more engrossed than ever in Irish questions, and debating them for the first time under the rod of an Irish master, a part of its navy locked up to the duty of patrolling Irish ports, a part of its army held in constant readiness to assert that Imperial supremacy which is in all other respects a name—if some such picture as this, or even but some faint and partial presentment of it, could only be impressed on the mental retina of the indifferent elector, the Union would be safe.

For, to do the indifferent elector justice, it is his imagination rather than his judgment that is at fault. Within the range of his limited experience he reasons, if not with unimpeachable soundness, yet not at any rate so like the absolute fool that Mr. GLADSTONE apparently takes him for. He is no believer in the “angelic theory.” He would despise those who could believe in it as heartily as he despises the bumpkin dupes of that confidence trick of which the angelic theory is a mere plagiarism; and we have no doubt that Lord SALIS-

BURY's happy ridicule of it fell, so far as the indifferent elector is concerned, on appreciative ears. It is not that he trusts idiotically to the good faith and good intentions of the men whom Mr. GLADSTONE seeks to make rulers of Ireland; it is that he cannot realize the full extent of the power for evil which, in that capacity, they would possess, and that, unable to realize this, he lends a too willing ear to those invidious counsellors who assure him that the Unionists are the victims of their own exaggerated fears, and that their warnings may be disregarded.

A CLASSICAL INTERVIEW.

THE interview, now perhaps a little overdone, is not a modern or American invention. The papyrus from which the following proof of this fact is derived was discovered as part of the lining of an ancient Egyptian hat-box, in the Museum of Urbino, where it had long lain undeciphered. The translation is, perhaps, as correct as is possible in the condition of the text.

ASPASIA AT HOME.

The dwelling of the justly popular ASPASIA may easily be discovered, even by the stranger, in the fashionable suburb of Athens where she has established herself. The scent of roses is almost overpowering; this breathes from the wreaths hung up above her door by her friends. As we entered, we observed one of our leading fashionables, young ALCIBIADES, suspending his offering at the shrine. We bowed, but he only condescended to switch us smartly across the shoulders, saying, “Ah, BLATTEROS, ‘the Thracian sycophant!’” Without noticing this meaningless vulgarity, we entered, the myrrh dripping on our *chiton* from the costly wreaths on the lintel. It was unnecessary for the slave to announce us, as the mistress of the establishment was reclining on the stoop, lightly but most becomingly arrayed in a rose-coloured garment of diaphanous Coan texture. ASPASIA did not rise at our approach, but, clapping her hands, bade the boy bring some Ismarian wine, with snow from Mount Rhodope. Cutting short a compliment about the appropriateness of snow in the presence of such a blaze of beauty, ASPASIA briefly asked us what we wanted. We introduced ourselves as the Correspondent of *The Athenian Inquirer*. The lady was at once all smiles, and, seating us beside her, took our hand and asked us how she could oblige us.

“You are a native of Miletus?” we asked. “May we inquire what you think of our Athens, and of our institutions?”

“That is a large question,” she answered, smiling, and speaking with a Milesian accent; “but you may say ‘that I think the violet-crowned city the mistress of civilization, and the rose of Greece.’”

I assured her that our citizens would be overjoyed, though anything but surprised at her verdict.

“Our educational institutions: are they such as the accomplished ASPASIA can approve of?”

“They are, indeed, and my own boys,” she said, “would certainly be educated at one of them but for a slight want of liberality in your municipal laws.”

This was approaching a delicate subject.

“As soon as Mrs. PERICLES is dead,” I remarked, and was going on, but she placed a rosy palm on my lips.

“And among our citizens whom do you consider the most remarkable?”

“Well, I guess at present PERICLES has the inner tracks, if you understand the language of the Olympian games; but young ALCIBIADES will run him very hard in the next struggle for the ‘Presidentship.’”

"And that is, perhaps," I hinted, "not the only contest in which the gifted young Alcmaeonid has the inner tracks, as you say, of his elderly kinsman?"

ASPASIA blushed, like dawn on Pentelicus.

"Ah, youth!" she exclaimed, "how truly MIMNEMUS has praised thee! 'Joyous gifts,' and—and the rest of what the poet says; no mechanical majority of mere voting pebbles can make up for them."

"I thought you took more interest in politics?"

"So I do. That disgraceful Alien Marriage Act——"

"But PERICLES is to move for its repeal," I interrupted.

"Yes, I know; he has read me his speech—more than once, indeed—and practised crying before the mirror. But when is he to deliver it?"

"That is a remarkable *Daktyliothéké*," I said, anxious to escape from a thorny topic. The collection comprised hundreds of beautiful signets in every style of the art.

"Gifts of my friends, who know my tastes," she answered, and I observed on her finger the famous onyx of ALCIBIADES.

"That is a fine sard of yours," she remarked. What could the representative of the *Inquirer* do? My sard has now been added to ASPASIA'S representative collection. No sooner had I placed the gem among the others in her collection than SOCRATES entered.

"As to that which is truly Beautiful," he remarked, "shall we say that it is Woman?"—but, as I had already done "SOCRATES at Home," I withdrew, rather hastily, in fact, and without much valuable information which, but for his ill-timed intrusion, I doubt not that I might have obtained. The frivolity of a person who emptied a large amphora of slops on my head as I went below the outer porch does not call for serious comment.

Here the papyrus ends, and it may be doubted whether the Athenians thought that BLATTEROS gave them enough for their money.

EGYPT AND INDIA.

IT is natural enough, though not unamusing, that certain French journals of the Chauvinist persuasion should treat the approaching visit of the KHEDIVE to the SULTAN in something like the "T-t-r-remble, minion!" style of a beloved and regretted school of acting. It has been observed of the ancients that in such cases the minion often does not tremble as much as politeness and the adjuration of his foe require him to do; and it is not probable that any Englishman is very much alarmed at the results of ABBAS Pasha meeting ABDUL HAMID, or even some possibly more dangerous persons in ABDUL HAMID'S vicinity. And if it be so, we may trust and believe that this freedom from anxiety rests upon something besides confidence in the good sense and the good faith of the SULTAN—a just man, and an able, though suffering from a natural, and not ignoble, reluctance to accept accomplished facts. It may be fairly hoped, also, that the young KHEDIVE has learned something from his first fall with Lord CROMER. But still less should confidence be based on this. It should be, and we think is, based on the fact that Englishmen are in Egypt, that they mean to stay there, and that they have the wits and the means as well as the resolve to carry out their intention. We may hope that the SULTAN will not mistake his friends for his enemies and his enemies for his friends; we may hope that the KHEDIVE will not again try to "play the young man" in defiance of his own interests. But our trust, as distinct from our hope, is—speaking humanly, and

with all due respect and due allowance for Nemesis—in ourselves.

It is true that, when the black butterflies fly thick and low, there are tracts, and pretty large ones, of the "condition-of-England problem" of the present day which may give pause to this confidence. But such a speech as that of Lord ROBERTS at the Mansion House on Monday ought to brush these butterflies away. It is true that certain well-intentioned persons are trying to mutilate and hamper those fashions of our rule which present to the world in India the same spectacle, on a much greater scale, which has just startled the excellent M. DUBOIS in Egypt—the spectacle of just and firm government. It was not Lord ROBERTS'S business to make a formal or a complete panegyric of this rule; but we should ourselves very much like to know what chance there is of French or Russian colonial history showing in the course of the next century such a transaction as was not long ago carried out in Mysore. What Lord ROBERTS had to do, and did do, was to show how India is held, in the first place, and how, in the second, we deal with those of its inhabitants and neighbours whom we do not, in the strict sense, "hold." In both respects the account of things well known already to experts, but very dimly appreciated by the average Englishman, is striking enough. The amateurs of the grandiose can hardly want more than the simple statement, amply justified by fact, that a frontier of ten thousand miles, half land, half sea, has been put, in the course of no great number of years, into a state of complete defence *out of revenue*, and that in the face of one of the most puzzling and vexatious financial accidents that any Government has ever had to face. But even this is not more interesting than the view of the gradations of our dealing with "natives" which the speech gave. From the absolutely subject and directly ruled parts of the peninsula, through the feudatory Powers whose resources are now being utilized by the bold but wise experiment of "Imperial Service" troops—to such all-important outsiders as the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, and the vast and formidable conglomerate of independent frontier tribes on the North-West, all supply different problems, yet all have been fairly met and adjusted in the general scheme of Imperial rule. And how has this been done in India, just as something similar, though smaller, less intrinsically difficult, but beset with even more extrinsic difficulties, is being done in Egypt? It has been done by acting on exactly the opposite principle to that which has too often been in fashion at home. It has been done by choosing the best men to do things, by giving them something like *carte blanche*, by abstaining from constant capricious variations of policy, by relegating Sentiment to its proper place, the background, and keeping Sense in its proper place, the front. It has been done most of all by remembering those admirable queries of Lord LAWRENCE, which Lord ROBERTS quoted on Monday:—"Where have we failed when we acted vigorously? Where have we succeeded when we were guided by timid counsels?" Strength and resolution—"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito"—these are the watchwords which, and which alone, have carried, and will carry, us through on the Indus, on the Nile, and all over the world.

MR. GOSCHEN'S SPEECH.

MR. GOSCHEN'S excellent speech to the British Economic Association will, like much other sound doctrine, be too probably found persuasive by the converted alone. The unconverted, who consist partly of those who never were converted, and partly of such as have been disconverted, if the expression is to be permitted, will, we fear, remain unpersuaded as

before. Mr. GOSCHEN did not specify the "quacks," "heretics, economic infidels, and impostors," into whose hands he fears that the teaching of the science may fall. He was wise to abstain from a precision of language which would have proved aggravating, and would not have forwarded the work of conversion. His examination into the causes and character of the undoubted reaction against the teaching of the political economy of the middle of the century gained by the moderation of his tone.

Mr. GOSCHEN accounted for this reaction mainly, if not wholly, by what he called an ethical revolt against the apparently purely selfish, not to say sordid, spirit of the orthodox political economists. The explanation contains a large element of truth, and is complimentary to human nature. Beyond question many were honestly revolted by the low-minded views which were best expressed by Mr. BRIGHT's famous definition of adulteration as only a form of competition, and by his opposition to the Factory Acts. We got sick of having it dinned into our ears by the most long-winded of mankind that the accumulation of money was the chief end of man. Those who had read for themselves knew very well that this was not the whole teaching of the economists, and was particularly not Mr. MILL's. They were aware that the "economic man" invented by the economists for purposes of argument was an hypothesis. But the world at large, which did not read Mr. MILL, had to take his teaching at second-hand. Mr. GOSCHEN is very well aware that the interpreters were by no means careful to explain that the economic man was a mere hypothesis. They would not have interested the world easily in so shadowy a being, and it may even be doubted whether the majority of them had any clear conception of that being's hypothetical nature themselves. Moreover, orthodox political economy suffered from its close alliance with the Manchester School in politics. People got tired of being told that in all relations of life they were to consider themselves as "human beavers" and "pigs" of sensibility." But this does not wholly account for the present somewhat depressed state of political economy. The explanation must be completed from other sources. Much is due to the revolts and schisms within the orthodox body. Mr. GOSCHEN himself spoke of the insurrection against the once universally accepted wage fund theory. Now the world, we will confidently assert, did not understand that theory, nor why it was wrong. But what the world could understand was that all these orthodox gentlemen, who had been banning and excommunicating right and left, were utterly wrong on a vital point. The school could hardly fail to suffer from such a demonstration. A number of conflicting and even mutually destructive theories cannot expect to enjoy the authority of one united and coherent body of doctrine.

Political economy of the old orthodox order is also suffering from the hostility of forces to which it appealed in the days of its prosperity. Mr. GOSCHEN is doubtless well aware that the repeal of the Corn-laws, the greatest single achievement of the school, was not carried by mere appeal to reason. The famous big and little loaf was not an argument addressed to the understanding. It was a most effective way of telling the poor that they were being oppressed by certain persons for their own ends. Now the repeal may have been inevitable, its consequences may have been, on the whole, beneficent, and the economic condition which it has produced may be, and we are convinced is, one which cannot be touched without the utmost danger. But the fact remains that the appeal was to self-interest. It produced its effect; but it left behind it an increased disposition on the part of the poor to think that whenever they are ill off it is because greedy persons are

oppressing them selfishly. The capitalist is easily put in the place of the landowner by the quacks, heretics, and impostors of whom Mr. GOSCHEN spoke. We really cannot see that the economists have any right to complain. They thought it fair war in their time. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke of the danger which may follow the indulgence of the feelings of the emotionalist, and he impressed on his hearers the necessity of exerting themselves to enforce respect for more manly views. We are very far from denying that common sense is in need of defenders in these times. If the political economists will first make up their minds what common sense is, their help will be very valuable.

OUR IRISH MASTERS.

THE silence of the Irish members in Committee on the Disruption Bill is no doubt maintained in fulfilment of a compact with Mr. GLADSTONE for the more expeditious rushing of that measure through the House of Commons. Another motive conspires to enforce this politic reticence. If the Irish members opened their mouths the truth might burst forth, even through that unaccustomed channel. In spite of the best intentions, it would make its way. A further consideration possibly animates them. If the Home Rule Bill becomes law, they will be able to assert that they have given to its exclusions and restrictions nothing more than a kind of negative assent—if this phrase may be allowed in an Irish connexion. They have not so much positively accepted the conditions which it lays down as abstained from rejecting them. These conditions have been imposed on them, they are likely enough to argue at some future period, under Parliamentary duress. A much less ingenious casuistry of promises than is ready made to their hands would serve the purpose. Already Mr. SEXTON, Mr. HEALY, and others are preparing the way for this contention. They have begun to protest against the acquiescence of the Government in amendments as to which they have not been consulted. It will be easy, if an Irish Legislature ever meets in Dublin, to allege that, though they have accepted the Bill as a whole, they are by no means pledged to maintain it in all its details, whether organic or inorganic. They may point to disclaimers which will give plausibility to this contention. They seem already to be providing a machinery for bringing pressure to bear upon themselves. Mr. DAVITT, for example, is apparently eager to remain out of the House of Commons, in order that he may not be pledged to the acceptance of the Bill as a settlement even for a moment. He seems to court disqualification by bankruptcy. Nothing would be easier than for him to procure the payment by public subscription of the election expenses in which he has been condemned, and to obtain another seat. Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN is understood to be meditating his own ejection from the House of Commons, and disablement from returning to it, on similar grounds. Their motive, it can hardly be doubted, is to prepare for the formation of an extra-Parliamentary party in Ireland which, the Disruption Bill once passed, shall set to work to abolish the restrictions which subordinate the Irish Legislature to the Imperial Parliament.

It will be easy to coerce an Irish Legislature in the direction in which it is anxious to go, and it will be morally impossible for an Irish Legislature and Executive to coerce agitators who are simply carrying out the principles common to both. The funds will come, as they do now, from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in a letter "acknowledging" "with thanks," has confessed with infantile candour that, but for gifts from America, the Home Rule movement would collapse. These American funds will

be as necessary in the future as they are now. A large proportion of the 103 Irish members of the Imperial Parliament, and the same number in the Dublin Legislature, will be practically subsidized by a foreign Power—that is, by the party, the Irish voters in America, controlling the foreign Power. A hundred French Deputies sitting and voting at Westminster would, as Lord SALISBURY has said, be not more independent of England. In his speech in favour of Parliamentary reform in 1782, PITT spoke of the dangers which he saw, and the greater dangers which he foresaw, in the maintenance of pocket boroughs. "There were cities and boroughs," he said, "more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic than the limits of the Empire of Great Britain." The Nabob of Arcot had notoriously seven or eight members in the House of Commons. This being so, "Might not a foreign State in enmity with this country by means of these boroughs procure a party of men to act for them under the mask and character of members of this House?" This, if not the aim, is the clear tendency of the ninth clause of the Home Rule Bill. It will bring to Westminster the paid agents of a foreign Power, or of the masters of a foreign Power, to act for it under the mask and character of members of the House of Commons. The fear may have been chimerical a century ago—it is well founded now—of subjecting England to what Mr. PITT describes as the greatest of all dangers—that of allowing a foreign influence to creep into the national councils. By a coincidence with Mr. PITT's language, which is curious if it be accidental, Lord SALISBURY spoke of the Irish constituencies as likely to become a hundred pocket boroughs in the hands of foreigners. The Union saved us from this danger scarcely a century ago; its maintenance is our only safeguard now.

A WAR MINISTER ON DUELLING.

THE Austrian Minister of War, in declaring himself against the abolition of duelling the other day, was not content, as Ministers sometimes are, when questioned as to their views and intentions, with a simple and unadorned *non possumus*. Baron VON BAUER gave his reasons, which, though not as "plentiful as blackberries," have a certain force and truth which lovers of plain statements must commend. It is characteristic, however, of an age that has lost all hold of the ancient ideal of duelling that, though Baron VON BAUER's reasoning was brief yet strong, it was accompanied by an expression of disapproval of the principle of the duello. To disapprove of a thing in principle may seem a strange prelude to justifying it in practice. If the principle of duelling is objectionable, some skill would be needed to reveal the virtue that lies in the institution. Perhaps the Minister was thinking less of the principle, as it was once universally observed and regarded, than of its abuse in the practice of modern duels. If anything should have killed duelling in France, among a people extremely sensitive to ridicule, it is the frequency in that country of the kind of duel that is simply farcical. But Baron VON BAUER, as Minister of War, was probably speaking in the interests of Austrian officers chiefly, and not with regard to all aspects of the question. He argued that the present condition of society did not facilitate the abolition of duelling, since many classes of the community would still settle their differences were duelling illegal, and would do so by methods much more objectionable than those decreed by duelling. They would have recourse, he observed, to rougher means—to the stick, the fist, and the revolver. There is much that is unpleasant in the prospect of a strict code, and the quality which like weapons and training secure,

being supplanted by uncodified violence and the brutality of disorder. Brawls and assaults, premeditated or cowardly and unfair, or, at the best, merely vulgar and ridiculous, are decidedly a very bad exchange for the ancient procedure in honour's courts. The Minister's forecast, if not absolutely novel, was very plainly stated.

GEORGE BORROW, who lived to lament the decay of the British fist, foresaw a flourishing time for the knife and the revolver, which time, indeed, was not long delayed. The fair field for an encounter and no favour are decidedly less in request in these days than they once were. Baron VON BAUER's decision, interesting though it be, is very far from being a defence of duelling. It is merely an official recognition of it, inspired by the fear that, were duelling abandoned, society would find itself in an infinitely worse state than the present. The Baron would have nothing to say, as he guardedly observed, against any officer who declined to meet an opponent in a duel, and he ventured no opinion as to what Viennese society would say of such conduct. Thus the officer who declined to give satisfaction, whether from conscientious scruples or from the desire to conserve his oozing valour for exhibition in a less restricted field, is left with the consolation that he is a free agent. And if pessimism prevails in the Austrian army to anything like the extent we are led to believe, another argument against SCHOPENHAUER may be found in this considerate declaration of the Minister of War. Those who are opposed to duelling are recommended by him to be careful not to offend others, and to avoid the society of persons by whom they might themselves be insulted. This wise counsel, though it smacks somewhat of the copybook, may in process of time, if religiously observed, lead to a very rigid separation of the sheep from the goats. Whether it will promote true fellowship in the most sociable military circle in Europe is quite another matter. But it is clear that, by this pretty and concise little homily, Baron VON BAUER has effectually secured himself from the slightest possible risk of being misunderstood.

LIEUTENANT MIZON AGAIN.

WE have no desire to write with any touch of *ce cant britannique* of the story told of Lieutenant MIZON's doings on the Benue. It must be confessed that ruffianism only a little less vile than is attributed to him, by his own companions and countrymen be it observed, has been perpetrated under the protection of our flag. We confess it, and are ashamed of it. We have never measured our words in denouncing it. We have always expressed our regret when such conduct has escaped punishment, and our hope that it may be prohibited in future. But for this very reason we feel completely at liberty to use plain language about the exploits of this French expedition. The previous history of Lieutenant MIZON, the circumstances under which this last expedition was sent out, the patronage given to it by the French Government, the avowed motives of those by whom the funds were provided, all call for notice, and, we may add, for firm action on the part of the Foreign Office.

It will be remembered that Lieutenant MIZON came back last year from an unsuccessful attempt to establish French influence at Yola, on the upper waters of the Benue, within the English sphere. He told a cock-and-bull story of opposition offered to him, and of attempts made to murder him, by the officers of the Niger Company. It was disproved out of his own mouth. But Lieutenant MIZON posed as the enemy of England, and the champion of French influence. This was enough to secure him the hearty support of

a certain section of patriots in Paris. He was provided with means to return to the Niger for the purpose of promoting French influence in a region which is by treaty reserved to England. These means included "two mountain guns, with ordinary shell, "grape, and canister, a quick-firing Hotchkiss cannon, "150 rifles with 13,000 cartridges, and 100 revolvers "with 15,000 cartridges." The Niger Company protested against the proposal to convey this great quantity of arms, which is far in excess of what Lieutenant MIZON required for his own protection, into Africa. We and the French are bound by treaty not to supply the natives with weapons, and the Niger Company has fallen out with several of the Mahometan chiefs by refusing to give them weapons. It was impossible to see what the French explorer could want with so many weapons and cartridges, if he did not intend to arm allies. But the French Government supported him; and, as there was at that time (August 1892), "for practical purposes, no Ministry in Great Britain," to quote Sir G. TAUBMAN-GOLDIE's words in the Report of the Niger Company, Lieutenant MIZON was allowed to pass up the Niger to the Benue, under the pretext of returning to Yola. Considering that his avowed object was to injure English influence, the permission was an extraordinary proof of the length to which our desire to remain on friendly terms with the French will induce the Foreign Office to go.

The alleged conduct of Lieutenant MIZON since his return to the Benue is consistent enough with what we already knew of him. The charges against him rest on the evidence of his half-French or wholly French companions, MM. WARD, VAUGHAN, and NEBOUT. They amount to this—that, once on the Benue, M. MIZON began a course of downright filibustering. He made no attempt to reach Yola, but deliberately wrecked his steamer 120 miles below the town. Then he entered into an alliance with the Mahometan Emir of Muri, or Humaresa, who was already bound by treaty to the Niger Company, and is, moreover, a vassal of Sokoto, which is within our sphere. In pursuance of this alliance, and by way of extending French influence, he executed a slave-hunting raid on the pagan town of Kwana. The story, as told by M. WARD, supported by M. VAUGHAN, who have both returned, and confirmed in spirit if not in detail by M. NEBOUT, who remains unwillingly in Africa, is worthy of TIPPOO TIB, or of the worst of the slave-hunting captains of the old stamp. The town was simply destroyed, and the inhabitants were handed over as slaves to the Emir of Muri. M. MIZON was offered his pick, and, though he would take none for himself, he had no scruple about taking some for his native servants and the black "princess" whom he brought with him to Paris last year. If there is any foundation for this story, and Sir G. TAUBMAN-GOLDIE implies that there is more evidence for its truth than the word of Messrs. WARD and VAUGHAN, it certainly calls for decided action on the part of the Foreign Office. For some time past French adventurers have taken upon themselves to interpret the treaties which define the various spheres of influence in a truly remarkable manner. Unless M. MIZON is much wronged by his own companions, he has surpassed all others, and provided a test case on which the Foreign Office may with advantage insist on a settlement. Of the infamy of such acts as he is alleged to have committed at Kwana, it is surely superfluous to speak.

O'GUNTER AND McNODDY.

WITHOUT being more than reasonably superstitious, we may find a sinister omen in the conjunction of the quarrel among the Nationalists with the collapse of Mr. GLADSTONE's financial calcu-

lations. To put it astrologically, the PRIME MINISTER'S star, which is, of course, Jupiter, and the star of the Irish party—let us say Mercury—were in common obscuration in the same House. At the very moment when the finance of the Home Rule scheme was suddenly found to have "gone with a run," the future Home Rule Chancellor of the Exchequer was meditating an abrupt retirement from political life. The former phenomenon is, of course, more readily intelligible to the English mind than the latter. It admits, indeed, of being expressed in the comparatively simple arithmetical formula $500,000 - 365,000 = 135,000$, while an agreeable "memoria technica" may be devised for it by bearing in mind that Ireland has been credited with the contribution of exactly 1,000*l.* more per diem to the Imperial exchequer under the head of the Spirit duties than she actually pays. Mr. SEXTON's little difficulty with his party is quite an other-guess sort of matter. Outwardly it is presented to the public under this characteristically national shape—that Mr. SEXTON, having been added to the directorate of the *Freeman's Journal* by the influence of his party, who have now withdrawn their support from him, resigns, not as the slow-witted Saxon would do, his seat on the Board, but his seat in Parliament; that thereupon another meeting is held at which, after a pretty tough fight of over five hours in duration, the obnoxious resolution is rescinded; and that, finally, Mr. SEXTON, on the strength of this amply-discussed and well-contested apology, is invited and graciously condescends to return to his usual place below the gangway, and to consider the incident closed.

When we compare these mysterious proceedings with the sweet simplicity of a blunder of 365,000*l.*, on an account of about two millions and a quarter, we cannot but feel that the former makes far the stronger appeal of the two to the instinct of intellectual curiosity. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is true, has done something to quicken this instinct in the latter case, by hinting, in a reply to Mr. BARTLEY, that he has luckily contrived to hit upon another error in his estimate—on the opposite side of the account—and that the deficit in the revenues of Home-Ruled Ireland will be substantially reduced in consequence. This will, no doubt, be cheering to the good Gladstonian, unless—or until—a third mistake is discovered which shall again substantially increase the deficit; but the Nationalists, who have already loudly protested that Home Rule would be launched into mere bankruptcy by being started with a beggarly surplus of half a million, are not likely to be overjoyed by the news that the sum is to be reduced not by 365,000*l.*, but by an amount "materially smaller." They and we are naturally disposed to await that entire recast of Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme which he promised them, "probably in the course of this week."

And we, as they, revert no less naturally to the fascinating SEXTON incident, as to which we must confess to agreeing with the Parnellite organ which ridicules the idea that the ostensible is the real cause of the quarrel. It is, indeed, a great deal too thin. We are asked to believe that Mr. SEXTON's susceptibilities, wounded by the want of sympathy which his party have displayed towards him as a member of a board of newspaper directors, have been effectually salved by the healing balm of a resolution which was fought over for five hours and a half, and ultimately carried by thirty-three votes against twenty-seven. No; that story is, indeed, thin—thin to the point of emaciation. We cannot but prefer the theory that the trouble has arisen out of the long-standing conflict of ambitions between the future Lord Chancellor of Ireland and her future Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the night of Mr. SEXTON's return

to the House, Mr. HEALY took his seat close to him, whereupon, says an impressed reporter, "the two honourable gentlemen shook hands, and the reconciliation between the rivals was thus publicly shown to be complete." Even so did Mr. NODDY profess that "he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment to Mr. GUNTER"; whereto Mr. GUNTER replied that "on the whole he rather preferred Mr. NODDY to his own brother"; after which each grasped the other's hand with "affecting fervour." How long did their reconciliation last? There is nothing to show, for almost immediately after it was effected Mr. SAWYER's party was violently broken up. Is there an omen for another "party" in this?

PANAMA THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

WE do not suppose that the Cour de Cassation did it on purpose, but the act was curiously well timed for us. In no week could we have heard more appropriately, or with a better chance of thoroughly appreciating it, of the quashing of the sentence on MM. C. DE LESSEPS, FONTANE, and EIFFEL than that in which we have had the pleasure of seeing *Les Plaideurs* performed by the house of MOLIERE. The decision of the Supreme Court marks, we sincerely trust, the final stage of this business. The Cour de Cassation declares that the proceedings against the Panama Directors were irregular. The period during which proceedings for breach of confidence and swindling can be brought in France is three years. It seems that a somewhat longer interval than this had passed between the last act of a criminal nature charged against the directors and their trial. It would appear that this is a simple matter, and one wonders at first why it escaped the notice of the Court below and of the counsel for the prisoners. But it had not escaped notice. The limitation was pleaded, but to no purpose. The Court of Appeal, before which the plea was brought, decided that there was no prescription, because the Public Prosecutor had taken the investigation in hand before the three years were up. The Court of Cassation has reversed the decision, and has declared that all the proceedings against the Directors for breach of confidence and swindling were vitiated. MM. C. DE LESSEPS, FONTANE, and EIFFEL go clear of the charge of swindling, but M. DE LESSEPS is still under sentence for bribery of Government officials. M. CORTU preferred to remain abroad, and the Court could not entertain an appeal from him in his absence. He may now come back, and make his appeal with some confidence. Yet he will perhaps be wiser to remain abroad; for, if the Cour de Cassation were to mark its sense of his contumacy by confirming the ruling of the Court of Appeal in his case, the ways of French justice would not look much more wonderful than they do.

On the face of it there is one thing which strikes the English reader as strange in this conflict of opinion among judicial persons in Paris. France is proud of her system of procedure, and of the finish of her code. Yet it seems that French lawyers can be as much in the dark on a very simple point as ever can their colleagues in this benighted land of judge-made law. One would think that the question, When do proceedings begin against a prisoner? was a very obvious one, and ought to be settled as a preliminary. Yet it must be considered as proved by the late incoherent proceedings that the highest French Courts are at sixes and sevens on the question whether proceedings begin with the investigation of the Public Prosecutor or with the issue of a warrant against the prisoner. Again, since there was doubt on the point to the knowledge both of the prosecution and the defence, why was the opinion of the highest Court not taken as a preliminary? There was, we presume, some means of

taking it, and surely it was well to settle the question whether the prisoners were liable to be tried before bringing them to trial. The reverse process was somewhat of the nature of what is variously called Halifax law and Jeddart justice.

It is, speaking seriously, only too probable that there has been a dash, and more than a dash, of Jeddart justice in the whole course of the proceedings against the Panama Directors. At least, if the Government of the Republic is unjustly accused by those who say that it exerted itself to secure a verdict against the prisoners, because it considered a verdict of guilty necessary for its safety, it cannot fairly complain. All its conduct throughout has been consistent with the supposition that it exerted itself to get the Directors condemned—with the intention, perhaps, of letting them all off so soon as it safely could. The verdict was secured, the storm of the Panama scandal has blown over, and now the Government can afford to let the Court of Cassation quash the proceeding. It may even all along have had reason to believe that this would be the end. We do not assert that the Government did act with this mixture of ineptitude and cunning, but only that, if it had, its course would have been what it actually has been. Among Frenchmen there is, we imagine, not much doubt; but there is much disgust and weariness of the whole Panama scandal. It is probable that not much more will be said on the subject, and that will be best; for, if ever there was a case for applying Don QUIXOTE's advice to SANCHE, "the worst is to stir it"—this is that case.

THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

FOR the first time in the history of eclipses, success has been registered all along an extended line of operations. On previous similar occasions, observers, instead of being echeloned, had been gathered together in a comparatively restricted area of the earth's surface. Pictures and records of the sun's transiently-disclosed surroundings were obtained, when obtained at all, not far from simultaneously. The interposed time-interval had in no case been long enough for any definite determination of change. Of late, indeed, attempts were made to protract it by the occupation of remote stations; but the incalculable element of weather had to be reckoned with, and proved ruinous to projects of combination. The indispensable "hole in the clouds" was not to be had. A splendid opportunity was thus missed in 1887, when the track of totality ran right across the Eurasian continent, from Königsberg to Japan; and the carefully-adjusted British programme for December 22, 1889, broke down, through meteorological iniquities, scarcely less completely. Father Perry paid the price of his life for some damaged plates of the corona visible at the Salut Islands on that day, while Mr. Albert Taylor, his transoceanic coadjutor, might have enjoyed at home an equally good view with that afforded him in Africa of a thickly canopied sky. It required, then, some courage on the part of our learned societies to face the uncertainties of so slippery a situation, by organizing a fresh pair of expeditions charged to retrieve, if possible, the disasters of the past. They are to be congratulated on the upshot.

The eclipse of April 16, 1893, was, for several reasons, of particular importance. It was total during four minutes and forty-six seconds (at the maximum)—a longish spell, as totalities go; the shadow-track crossed the whole of one continent and half another, so that upwards of four hours elapsed between the earliest and the latest practicable observations; it occurred near an epoch of maximum solar activity; finally, it was the last eclipse of this century from which much could be expected for the increase of knowledge. Scientific authorities, accordingly, were unanimously of opinion that it should be made the most of, as it very effectually was. Two American expeditions, sent out respectively from the Harvard College dependency at Arequipa and the Lick Observatory in California, were placed in the Chilean Andes, where, favoured by a serene sky, they secured, by all accounts, a matchless collection of photographs and "spectrographs." M. Deslandres, of the Paris

Observatory, repaired to Fundium, some forty miles up the Saloum River, in Senegambia, his colleague, M. Bigourdan, halting at Joal, on the adjacent coast. Of the two English co-operating parties, one, consisting of Messrs. Taylor and Shackleton, took up a position a few degrees south of the Line, near the mouth of a small Brazilian river; the other encamped on the dreary flats of Fundium. Professor Thorpe was its chief, and discoursed pleasantly (if at somewhat unnecessary length) on its doings and experiences before a crowded Friday evening audience at the Royal Institution on June 9. He was able, too, to exhibit on the screen specimens of the eclipse-photographs taken on both sides of the Atlantic, the striking nature of which, as thus cursorily viewed, was evidently only an index to their profound instructiveness.

Total eclipses are nowadays valued mainly for the opportunities they afford for investigating the marvellous solar corona. The crimson flames shining, in Professor Young's phrase, "like carbuncles" at its base, can be studied hour by hour, year in, year out, with the aid of the spectroscope. They can even be photographed in full sunshine by the employment of a beautiful device due to the ingenuity of Professor Hale of Chicago. But the corona is less manageable. Its light, since it differs little in quality from ordinary daylight, cannot readily be isolated; and, although the immediate future may bring about the realization of Dr. Huggins's method of extra-eclipse photography, the un eclipsed sun, so far, to the perception of the chemical, as well as of the human retina, is virtually destitute of such an appendage. All that is known of its form and constitution has been learned under the favour of our satellite's shadow; hence, the abrupt emergence to sight of its pearly rays as the last glint of direct sunshine is cut off by the edge of the advancing moon, comes upon the best-prepared onlookers with a dazzling effect of brilliant surprise.

One of the best-established facts about the corona is that of its relation to the sunspot cycle. During his periodical crises of agitation, the sun is encompassed with a veritable "glory." An effulgent outflow spreads from pole to pole, and forms a dense garniture to the entire round of the disc. But at epochs of spot-minimum the outflow is mainly equatorial. The poles are merely fringed with delicate filaments of light. Coronal emanations are concentrated, for the most part, in a pair of broad, wing-like streamers, which seem to lose themselves in the Zodiacal Light, and may very well be its source of supply. Of this character was the corona photographed in 1889, when the sun was tranquil, and prominences were few; while in 1893, according to anticipation, the imminence of a spot-maximum was marked by the re-appearance of just such a brilliant nimbus as shone out at Baikul in 1871, and at Sohag in 1882. Mr. Ranyard's original inference of cyclical fluctuation has thus once more been emphatically confirmed. Only a particularly hardy sceptic can any longer doubt that the alternation of coronal types and the solar vicissitudes of disturbance run on parallel lines. From observation of the latter the course of the former can be traced out beforehand without much risk that the forecast will be repudiated by events. In the present case more minute predictions were hazarded. Designed to be applied as touchstones to the rival theories of coronal production of Professors Schaeberle and Bigelow, their verification will demand a minute scrutiny of the autographic pictures recently secured in such fortunate profusion. Most good photographs contain far more information than can be gathered from them at a glance; and those of the corona of 1893 appear to be especially rich in significant details. They show, not a smooth luminous ring, but a radiated structure, made up of countless multitudes of individual beams, here leaning together into a cone, or ogival arch, there diverging in trumpet-shape, the groups being often almost completely separated by narrow, dark rifts. A still more peculiar feature is a streamer longer than the rest, issuing—perhaps only by an effect of perspective—from near the sun's north pole. Now the registration, in a permanent form, of these intricacies of construction is valuable beyond measure. For they will no doubt sooner or later furnish a clue to the nature of the forces acting upon finely divided matter in the neighbourhood of the sun. Their secrets, however, are not of a kind to be read running. They can only be extracted by microscopic surveys of the original negatives, followed by laborious mapping and measuring operations. A collection of photographs is, indeed, a veritable library, each volume contained

in which, although printed in a few seconds, yields its full store of knowledge, expressed and implied, only to careful and patient readers.

Nevertheless, even a preliminary comparison of the two corresponding sets of British photographs of the late eclipse was decisive against the occurrence of any rapid variation of coronal forms. The Brazilian and Senegambian pictures seem impressions from the same original, and it is certain that, if any, only minor changes can have taken place during the hour and half of oceanic shadow-transit by which they were separated. A surer criterion will be supplied by the American photographs, since they date four hours earlier than those taken at Fundium. Judging by the eye, one might be tempted to ascribe to the corona the steadfastness which the ancients supposed to belong to the "incorruptible" things lying beyond the sphere of the moon. Its mere aspect suggests a kind of supernal tranquillity. Yet we cannot seriously doubt that commotions are rife within it; and the first direct evidence of its movement as a whole has been derived from an experiment carried out during the eclipse under discussion.

M. Deslandres's discovery of the axial rotation of the corona was wholly unexpected. Should it eventually be confirmed, a new light will be thrown upon many problems in solar physics. It was arrived at by the subtle and fruitful method of spectroscopic displacements in the line of sight. A bright coronal ray, taken from a point in the sun's equatorial plane, and distant two-thirds of a solar diameter from the moon's dark limb, was brought into juxtaposition with the same ray procured from an oppositely corresponding point. Instead of coalescing, as they should have done, had the substance emitting them been at rest, they were pushed apart, so as to show that it was on one side moving towards, on the other away, from the eye, at the total rate of twelve kilometres a second. In other words, the rotation of the solar globe is shared by the corona. If this be indeed the case, it must gravitate towards the sun's surface, and form a true solar atmosphere. But there are grave difficulties in the way of admitting that this state of affairs actually exists. Possibly, however, the axial movement apparently determined by M. Deslandres may belong properly only to a gaseous envelope, shining with the green ray of coronium, into which the coronal structures are projected under the influence of electrical or other repulsive forces. This duplex constitution of the solar halo is probable on many grounds; it may, before long, be defined and established. A novel line of inquiry has, at any rate, been felicitously struck out, which will be eagerly, and, we may hope, not unsuccessfully, pursued.

THE AVERAGE PARISIENNE.

GRACE goes as it should, vulgarity as it will, mediocrity as it can. And, therefore, mediocrity, which makes frequent efforts, takes pains, and is not sure of itself, is most apt to seize new fashions, in dress as in all else, and is most liable to general change. We used to be told that mediocrity goes more gaily in feminine Paris than in London, and that the average Frenchwoman, whatever she may lack otherwise, is always successfully careful and opportune. Nevertheless, a perfectly sincere and unpre-occupied look at Paris in the first warm days of this unparalleled spring might convince one otherwise. In literature, mediocrity in France is dressed to such conspicuous perfection that few strangers know it for what it is; but it is hardly so, or no longer so, with the attire of women. The matter is important, inasmuch as the majority make much of the aspect of the world. Middle age, for example. Habits of good management, foresight for her sons, the cultivation of *relations* indirectly promising for their interests—all has combined to give to the face of the French matron a look of more than military, of almost constabulary, command. Why should this front be surmounted by a profusion of spring field flowers? Nowhere in the world are artificial flowers more indiscriminately worn, or in greater numbers, than in Paris. Granting that flowers imitated in muslin are admissible at all (though the opinion is tenable that they are at once the least gay and the most trivial ornaments in the world), they should at least be worn with some intention of festivity. The Romans, we know, saw nothing incongruous in the garlanding of the elderly citizen. It may, therefore, be through a mere prejudice that one deprecates the handful of wild

roses, lifting themselves above the French lady's full forms and fatigued eyes. But her life is not all festivity. Confederate of her husband, Providence of her sons, she has errands of business; but the bonnet for business is a flower-bonnet also. It is a flower-bonnet, too, when it is old, when it is no longer worn in the Bois, but fulfils morning missions to those unparalleled stores of the wholesale and the ready-made, the large shops of Paris. It is a bonnet inopportune, importunate; and in wearing it indiscriminately the Frenchwoman violates the proprieties of two at least of the mediocrities—mediocrity of age and mediocrity of means. She does so conspicuously, persistently, and—as the mere streets of Paris will prove to all eyes unprejudiced—universally.

Moreover, the mediocrity of looks has assuredly its proprieties. And these, too, are outraged by the daily Parisienne. Nothing, for instance, is less fortunate in contemporary dress than the combination of a very large face with a very small bonnet. A woman who has a large face or *masque*—and sometimes the *masque* is large though the head is small, and that makes matters worse—is absolutely bound to wear headgear with a certain width at the top. Otherwise, though the face may be rather handsome and the headgear rather pretty, the woman is grotesque. Now there are more large faces and small bonnets in the Bois de Boulogne on the afternoons of May than even in our insular Park; more on the boulevard pavement than on that of Oxford Street. All classes of Parisian women are involved in this infelicitous habit. In fact, it obtains by an absolute majority. And for its mending we must wait for a change in the fashion. It is not likely that Frenchwomen will become much thinner, therefore we must hope that bonnets may become a little broader. Until this happens, it is impossible to escape the constant proof that, if Frenchwomen ever had that precise sense of fitness with which they are credited, they have it no longer, or have allowed it to lapse under the stress of fashion. And that they should let it go, even for a time, for the sake of a dreary and frivolous little fashion, is strange enough. Frivolity, when it ceases to be fresh, when it is no longer wilful but merely obstinate, when it goes with preoccupation, with business, is the dreariest invention of the modern world. It is distinctly modern, for complete triviality cannot exist except with things cheap and wholesale. And of all such things the artificial flower is the very representative. In essence it is the most transitory of things; its inopportune accident is to be perdurable. If it would but fade, if the dust on its muslin petals would but mar its colours once for all, it might have some price and some character. It would at least not be worn in strange fellowship with velvet and lace. It would lie freshly with strands of woven straw—its only reasonable accompaniment.

Except in this ungovernable passion for artificial flowers, the average Frenchwoman is by no means so quick and eager for the fashions as her average contemporary, the Londoner. It is a striking thing—the resolution of the London woman of almost all ranks to be up to date. Last year's capes are wiped out and annihilated as though they had never been. The capes of a brief six months ago are hardly to be found. What extravagance has destroyed, or what industry has remodelled, them? In any case, the fact of the general *renouveau* is a monument to the unflinching resolution of the female sex, to their enterprise in all cases in which the emotions are really engaged. Now, the commonplace Parisienne shows less celerity. A change of mode with her is recognized, but not universally and unanimously grasped.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Argentine bondholders are to be congratulated on the settlement which the Rothschild Committee has at length succeeded in making with the Argentine Government in respect of the foreign debt. Taking everything into consideration, the arrangement is as satisfactory as could be expected, and we do not doubt that it will be accepted by the bondholders, who are to be called together to consider it on Monday next. Stated in the fewest possible words, it comes to this:—For the next five years the Argentine Government is to pay 1,565,000*l.* annually to agents specially appointed for the purpose, and the money

is to be distributed as follows: the holders of the Funding bonds are to get 5 per cent. interest instead of 6 per cent.; the holders of the bonds of the 1886 loan are to get 4 per cent. instead of 5 per cent.; the holders of the Waterworks Loan are also to get 4 per cent., and the holders of all other bonds are to get 60 per cent. of the interest to which they are legally entitled. On July 1 the interest on the bonds of the Funding and the '86 loans are to be paid in cash, and the other coupons are to be paid in full in Funding bonds; but immediately afterwards the new settlement comes into operation and, as already said, is to continue for five years. In the sixth year the Argentine Government is to pay the full amount which would be due from it if it had never made a compromise with its creditors. But the additional sum handed over by it is to be applied, in the first place, to making up to the holders of the bonds of the '86 loan the 1 per cent. held back during the preceding five years, and, in the second place, to the making up, as far as possible, of the 1 per cent. deducted from the holders of the Funding loan. All other bondholders are to be paid as in the preceding five years. In the seventh year the new arrangement comes completely to an end, and the annual interest upon all the bonds is to be paid, as formerly, through the houses that originally issued the loans. It will be seen that this plan is a great improvement upon that originally put forward by Dr. Romero, the late Argentine Finance Minister. For example, Dr. Romero proposed to hand over a million and a half per annum, and let the bondholders settle among themselves how the money was to be distributed. Now 65,000*l.* a year more is to be furnished, and the distribution of the funds is arranged beforehand; consequently, there is no danger of any quarrelling amongst the bondholders. It will also be noticed that the house which issued the '86 loan, and which has considered that it was bound to protect the interests of the bondholders at any cost, has been successful in the main. All along it has refused to agree to any reduction in the interest. It is true that it allows one per cent. to be deducted for the next five years; but in the sixth year the sums deducted are to be made good. In this respect the plan, it will be observed, very closely resembles that which was adopted in the case of Egypt after the Arabi mutiny. There was then for a few years a deduction from the coupons, which was afterwards fully paid. The champions of the '86 loan maintain that the Customs revenue was specially hypothecated for the service of that loan. As the Customs dues greatly exceed the interest upon the loan, it would be folly to give up the results of forethought and judgment. At the same time, however, the Sinking Fund of the 1886 loan is suspended. Upon the whole, then, it will be seen that the equities of the case are observed as far as circumstances allow. But the public should bear in mind that, although the plan is accepted by the Argentine Government and the great financial houses in this country, and doubtless will be accepted likewise by the bondholders, it has yet to be approved by the Argentine Congress. We may hope that the Government would not enter into the arrangement unless it had good ground for believing that it would be supported by Congress. For all that, the bondholders will do well to remember that the approval of Congress is absolutely necessary. Assuming that Congress approves, and that the plan is fully carried out, we hope there will be no wild speculation, for in our opinion the prices of all the loans are sufficiently high. There is one other matter for congratulation, and it is that the long negotiations between the Argentine Government and the Waterworks Company have been brought to a successful termination, and that the Company is to get 4 per cent. interest during the next five years, making their securities much more valuable than they were, and giving good grounds for hope that the Baring liquidation will be carried through more advantageously to the Baring family and to the Baring guarantors than sometimes has been anticipated.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent.; it is now, consequently, the same as it was before the banking panic in Australia began. During the past four weeks the Bank has received from abroad, chiefly from the United States, somewhat over 5 millions in gold, and, as money is likewise coming back from Scotland and the English provinces, the reserve has so increased that it is now larger than it has been since 1878, and the stock of gold is larger than it has been since 1880. Under these

circumstances, with an abatement of the distrust that prevailed, it was inevitable that there should be a great decline in the value of money; in fact, in the open market in the beginning of this week the discount rate was little better than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At the same time there would be no cause for surprise if we were to see another disturbance of the money market, for evidences of widespread distrust in the United States are accumulating, and it seems highly likely that the New York money market will become exceedingly stringent before long. Furthermore the Austrian demand for gold has sprung up again. It was suspended at the time of the banking crisis in Australia; but the Austro-Hungarian Government wisely judges that, if it does not get all the metal it requires within a few months, it may be unable to carry out its policy by-and-bye. It will be well, therefore, for all who are engaged in the money market not to trust too confidently to the present apparent ease.

The India Council sold the full 60 lakhs of bills and telegraphic transfers offered for tender on Wednesday, the bills at somewhat over $1s. 2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per rupee, and the transfers at about $1s. 2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per rupee. This was regarded as disappointing by the market, for the great eagerness to get drafts a week ago had led to the expectation that the applications would again be large this week. It seems to us there is no cause for disappointment. There is too much uncertainty to induce any bank manager to remit more than is absolutely required; and, besides, the value of money in India is now declining. We have very nearly come to the end of the active export season. The price of silver remains at $38\frac{1}{2}d.$ per ounce. During the week several attempts were made to revive the speculation in Rupee-paper, which was so reckless last week, but without much success. The reports that have been circulated as to the nature of the recommendations of the Herschell Committee are known now to rest upon no good authority, and are generally distrusted. It seems curious at first sight that silver should have risen at a time when it is believed that the Indian Government is about to take measures artificially to raise the value of the rupee. If it does so, and if the American Sherman Act is repealed, silver must unquestionably fall. The explanation, however, is, that for the moment the Indian banks are under the necessity to remit large sums to India, and whenever it was more profitable to buy silver than Council drafts of course the metal was purchased.

The cheapness and abundance of money, the settlement of the debt with the Argentine Government, the cessation of failures in Australia, and the heavy fall during the past month or six weeks in so many departments are all encouraging speculators just now; especially they are inclined to buy American railroad securities. We believe they are utterly wrong, and we would again repeat the advice we have so often given to investors—not to be misled by too optimistic representations. The belief is spreading that Congress in the autumn will repeal the Sherman Act. Probably it will do so; but nobody can yet say whether it will or not, and the investor would be unwise to act upon a mere conjecture. Even if the Sherman Act is repealed, it cannot be so for four or five months yet, and much may happen in the interval. Lastly, it is clear that there has been an accumulation of bad business in the United States during the past few years. Commercial failures in large numbers are occurring all over the Union. There is hardly an important city in which a run upon the banks has not taken place or is not apprehended. Several banks have already suspended, and all of them are so anxious to strengthen themselves that they are withdrawing immense amounts of deposits from New York. Such being the state of affairs, it is evident that, if any large failure occurs, there may be a crisis which will send down prices seriously. We venture to think, therefore, that the time has not yet come for buying American securities, and we advise investors to practise patience a little longer. The Argentine Debt settlement, as stated above, is satisfactory, and will lead to improvement by-and-bye. But it is to be recollected that the settlement has yet to be confirmed by the Argentine Congress; and, in any case, we think that the prices of Argentine Government stocks are already high enough. The investor may do well if he purchases industrial securities, especially well-secured railway stocks; but he ought to exercise much care and judgment in selecting what he is to buy. Sound investment securities are already very high, and probably the investor will be able to purchase with

greater advantage if he waits a little longer. As for international securities, in our opinion they ought to be avoided. The good are too high, and the bad are not cheap at almost any price. Greece is insolvent, and this week has offered to the bondholders to pay the coupons for the next two and a half years in Funding bonds. The arrangement is the best possible under the circumstances; but that is not saying very much. A breakdown in Spain is every day growing more and more likely, the difficulties of Italy are increasing, the reports from Russia are bad, and all over the Continent there is likely to be a very short harvest.

Rupee-paper, in which there was so wild a speculation last week, has declined rather than advanced this week. It closed on Thursday afternoon at $65\frac{3}{4}$, being a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Indian Sterling Threes closed at $98\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Victorian Three and a Half closed at $89\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; New South Wales Three and a Half closed at 94, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Queensland Three and a Half closed at $86\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. In Home Railway stocks the movements have all been upwards, except Great Eastern, which have fallen on dividend forecasts. London and North-Western closed on Thursday at $170\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; North-Eastern closed at 159, also a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Midland closed at $158\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Caledonian Undivided closed at $117\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{4}$; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 108, a rise of 2. In the American market, in spite of the deepening distrust in the West, and the large withdrawals of deposits from New York, there has been a recovery in prices, especially of the better classes of securities. Atchison descriptions have been very depressed owing to rumours of cutting of rates and issue of more B. bonds. Reading descriptions have also been weak on fears that the funding plan may not be carried. Illinois Central closed on Thursday at $95\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; New York Central closed at $107\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 2; and Lake Shore closed at $126\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1. In the Argentine market the settlement of the debt has not affected prices to the extent that would have been naturally expected. The bonds of the Five per Cents of '86 closed on Thursday at $68\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$ only compared with the preceding Thursday; but the Funding Loan closed at 75, a rise of as much as $5\frac{1}{4}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. In the railway department, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 110-12, a rise of 2; and Central Argentine closed at $67\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. In other departments there has been very little change. Brazilian Four and a Half, on an improvement in the exchange, closed at 71-2, a rise of 2; and Greeks of 1881 closed at $50\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$.

FALSTAFF AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

IT is but seldom that the critic finds himself in a position to bestow unstinted praise in the discharge of his duties; and such is our pleasant case in reporting now on the series of three lectures delivered by Dr. Mackenzie at the Royal Institute on *Falstaff*. Applying here words used elsewhere on another occasion, we may say that these were memorable lectures, worthy of a memorable subject. We say so, not only because we fortunately happen to agree on every point with the eminent lecturer, but because every word of his is truth, and nothing but the truth, and because his opinions are the results of conscientious analysis, based on exceptional knowledge, and helped by not less exceptional qualifications. If we add to this that Dr. Mackenzie has never witnessed a performance of *Falstaff*, we cannot but pay another tribute of admiration to that fine artistic intuition of his which has enabled him to so graphically put before us the whole thing as to make it alive, to identify himself with all the intentions of the composer, and to unravel all the musical intricacies of *Falstaff* as if he had at least lived with the orchestral score, instead of having only a mere pianoforte reduction for all material. And not only as a musician did Dr. Mackenzie shine in the course of his lectures, but also as an erudite *littérateur* and a Shakspearian scholar, as he traced step by step the fabric of Boito's remarkable book. There were also delightful touches of humour—such as a grave remark that a conductor ought rigidly to oppose all encores, unless he wants to hear the

thing again *himself*; or, *le ciel nous soit propice*, a reference to a "mother-in-law," or that parting shaft, of which more anon. And the crisp, precise way in which all things were called by their proper names, and the fine figures of speech—in one word, these were model lectures, and the method employed not only might, but ought to, serve as basis for a reform in musical criticism.

Dr. Mackenzie has been, and is, an admirer of Verdi, and says so plainly and sincerely; this tribute, emanating as it does from a great composer, is of the highest value, especially in this country, where it had for too long been the fashion to sneer at the composer of *Rigoletto*—a fashion common to the knowing ones as well as to the ignorant.

Now, even those who are supposed to have a loud voice in the matter, while bowing perforce before *Falstaff*, find an excuse necessary for doing so; Verdi, they say, has abjured his gods, and has lit a lamp before the altar of Bayreuth. Has he? Dr. Mackenzie says, emphatically, "No"; and he is a thousand times right. "I am unable to share the opinion that his (Verdi's) latest manner presents any sudden or radical change whatever, or that there is even the slightest relationship between Verdi and his great German colleague Wagner." To be sure there is not; and to advance such a proposition is to know neither Verdi nor Wagner, and to talk for the sake of mere talk. The essence of Wagner's theatre, the quintessence of his theories, and the mechanism of his symphonic fabric, are quite familiar to Verdi, but the master has no sympathy with these. He shuns fantastic subjects, he ignores the "parallelism of sonorities," and he has a positive aversion to the *Leit-motiv* system. Now, the two last at least are the cardinal conditions of Wagnerian method, and without following an especial disposition and treatment of groups of instruments, and applying the leading-theme system, there is no following of Wagner and no Wagnerism imaginable. Besides, an intimate acquaintance with Verdi's works will prove that he owes nothing to anybody except to Verdi. There is not a work of his which does not contain a germ of a progress which will be noticed fully developed in the next or that has no link with a preceding work. The tempest in *Otello* may be traced as far back as *Araldo*, and the reckless gaiety of some of the *Ballo in Maschera* music finds a faithful echo in more than one of the jolly pages of *Falstaff*. But is it likely that a man of Verdi's individuality, a genius of this power, should, after fifty years of almost constant triumphs due to this very individuality, put himself *à la remorque* of anybody, even as great as Wagner? Certainly not; and we cannot be grateful enough to Dr. Mackenzie for having his authority to oppose this fallacy; you can admire Verdi and *Falstaff* without passing through Bayreuth first. We have lingered on this point as one of actual controversy, because it is the most important of all those touched upon in the lectures, and because we wish it understood that Dr. Mackenzie's valued opinion ought to have the greatest weight in this matter.

Those considerations, and a bird's-eye view of Verdi's career and position, are extremely ably treated in the introductory remarks to the lectures, and are of capital interest to us. We were pleased to hear Dr. Mackenzie speak of Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini as of Verdi's great contemporaries. It is long since so much honour was paid to them in this country. The description of *Falstaff* as the "most youthful composition of an extraordinary man of eighty years of age" is extremely happy, and quite touching in its appropriateness. Dr. Mackenzie has no patience with the ex-detractors of Verdi. "It is difficult," he says, "to attach much importance to the somewhat obsequious, if tardy, acknowledgment of his (Verdi's) genius which is now freely bestowed upon him," and how obsequious it is may be gathered from the fact that those who used to speak of the "hopeless inanities" of *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, who despised the "Miserere" and "Addio del passato," now rush into the other extreme and cry "*au miracle*" before every page of *Falstaff*. So, for instance, people who ought to know better speak of the final fugue of the work as of a page for which it would be difficult to find a parallel even in the works of Bach. Now this is sheer nonsense, and Dr. Mackenzie puts it without more ado as such; the piece has a fugal opening and is masterly built; but it is as free as freedom itself, and certainly has nothing in common with the construction of anybody's, and, least of all, of Bach's strict fugues. And it is this fugue, or rather its last verse, which gives Dr. Mackenzie an opportunity for a witty finish to his lecture and the parting shaft men-

tioned above. "*Ma ride ben chi ride la risata final*," are the lines in question. There was a time, says the lecturer, when learned German philosophers and theologians busied themselves with the solution of such abstract questions as, for instance, "How many angels could dance on the top of a needle?" He laughs best who laughs last—suppose these were Verdi's feelings when he was setting the words to music; how many of his former Zoiluses will join in that laughter to-day?

A word of praise to Mr. Septimus Webb for his excellent accompaniments, and to Mr. Randegger for the office of *concertatore*. Mr. David Bispham, who "illustrated" *Sir John*, carried off easily the vocal honours.

ALCOHOL IN NORWAY SEEN BY NORWEGIAN EYES.

II.

THE SAMLAG SYSTEM.

IN 1871 a number of citizens in Christiansand sent in a Bill to the Storting praying that retail licences, by decision of the Municipal Council, might be entrusted to philanthropical Societies, or "Samlag," whose "statutes" or laws had been approved by the Government, and which should apply the surplus derived from retailing brandy to "objects for the public good," and therefore should endeavour to regulate and limit the retailing of brandy, instead of promoting it. This was, in principle, the same arrangement as at that time was in operation in several Swedish towns under the title of "Göteborgs-Systemet." This law was passed, and has been the cause of the class of tavern-keepers soon becoming a thing of the past, as nearly all the retail licences have come into the hands of Samlags in all towns where sale and retail, according to the laws concerning their institution, may take place.

An essential diminution in the number of retailing places, an enhancement in the price of brandy, and a lessening of its consumption have been the consequences of this Samlag system, which Norway, together with its neighbouring States of Sweden and Finland, hitherto have been alone in adopting. Agreeably to the statutes of about the same tenor for the present fifty-one Samlags in Norwegian towns, their governing body in general consists of three to five members, chosen amongst the shareholders at an annual general meeting. These statutes are approved by Government, and, as they are in force only "for the present," the consequence is that Government may threaten any Samlag with extinction. For a better understanding of the whole of the Samlag arrangement, let us see the institution of the Christiania Samlag, the largest of all such.

This Samlag, which was established by the Christiania Municipal Council's convening, began its operations on the 1st of January, 1886. Of course, its first endeavours were to get all the older retail licences into its own hands. Of such retail licences there were 72 before the formation of the Samlag, and of these 72 a number were "life-long," and could not be taken from the holders except by giving compensation. Agreeably to the law of 1st May, 1880, it was decided that the annual compensation, as a rule, shall be the average income of the last two years. All the "life-long" privileges were redeemed. The amount of the indemnification was at first 22,000 kroners annually, but is now by death reduced to 13,000 kroners. The Samlag, as soon as formed, granted as many licences as it considered necessary. The number is 27 at present. Twelve of these licences are made use of by hotels and restaurants, the owners of which have been approved of as managers in the service of the Samlag; only 15 thus being really made use of by the Samlag's retailers. From the rule that the Samlag alone shall be allowed to retail brandy a few exceptions have been made; the Christiania Theater, Victoria Hotel, Christiania Handelsstands Forening, Studentersamfundet, as also Christiania Haandværks og Industriforening, having obtained licences to retail, independent of the Samlag; the hotel, however, only to travellers living there, and the other societies to their members only.

Each of the licences granted by the Samlag, besides giving the right to retail (serve in glasses), gives also the right of selling brandy in larger quantities. In eight of the retail places the sale in bottles is connected therewith.

We will now have a look inside one of the retail

premises. At the corner of a street or near a market-place we see a house with a signboard on which we read, "Kristiania Samlags Brændevins-Udskjænkning," and go in. There is not much comfort to be seen; not a chair that hospitably invites the guest to take a seat and enjoy his ease. In this empty room his attention is the easier drawn to the large placards with the austere superscription, "Ordensregler" (Rules for keeping order). They do not, like the inscriptions in the German taverns, contain exhortations in verse and prose to drink and be merry. Harshly and decidedly they inform the guest that here the sale is for cash only, and their paragraph 3 says briefly and categorically, "When a customer has taken what he has ordered he is bound to leave the premises." This is the one-dram system, or, if one will, the minimum drinking system, in all its severity. Another paragraph forbids "loud speaking" and "tobacco smoking." This is, on the whole, no abiding place for idlers or carousers to sit down and make a jovial company, and, with music and fun, drain glass after glass. Almost superfluously, paragraph 5 in the rules for keeping order expresses "There must never be served to anybody so much as it may be supposed may lead to intoxication." Intoxicated persons, children, or minors, must simply be shown out of the premises. And that these are not empty words will be seen by the statistics of the evictions; in 1891, it appears that from the Christiania Samlag's retail places there had been thus turned out 54,898 intoxicated and minors; from Bergen's thirteen retail places, 13,200 (besides 25,246 from the Samlag's four ale and wine drinking places). Very frequently the Norwegian Samlag managers take special note of habitual drunkards or intemperate persons, who are then denied brandy, even if they at the time are sober.

In the Samlags there are only served such sorts of brandy as are most generally called for (in Christiania, mostly, the so-called "Akvavit," a finer and stronger kind of Norwegian brandy), and in glasses of various sizes. The prices, which are placarded in the rooms, are often different in the various towns; but it is endeavoured everywhere to keep the prices as high as possible, in view of the remaining privileged sellers in bottles, and the general dealers, and the distilleries' permission to sell brandy in barrels from 40 litres or more. Whilst one litre of brandy, in 1870, before the establishment of Samlags, when served out in drams at the retail places, even in those towns where the tavern-keepers had formed societies to keep up the prices, did not fetch more than Kr. 1 17 ore, the Samlags now, when serving in drams, make, on an average, Kr. 2 22 ore per litre, and many Samlags make much more, up to Kr. 5!

In several of Christiania's retail places, besides the serving rooms to the street, there are separate shops for the sale of brandy in bottles, and sometimes also—usually in the second story—somewhat better serving rooms, the so-called "kafees," where the furniture is more abundant and the goods a little finer, whilst at the same time the prices are of course higher.

The retail places are not opened before 8 o'clock, some at 9, in the morning, and are closed at 8 o'clock in the evening; the police, however, allow the Samlag's kafees, on the second floor, to remain open till 9 o'clock in the evening during the summer months, and till 10 o'clock during the winter months. The day before Sundays and holidays, according to the law of 1845, all drinking places shall be closed at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and not opened again before 8 o'clock on the succeeding weekday. As workmen mostly have their weekly wages paid them after 5 o'clock on Saturdays, it will be easily seen of what far-reaching importance this regulation has been. In several Norwegian Samlags the retail places are closed on election days also, and, on the whole, whenever an unusual concourse of people takes place in the town.

Here are some further details. The manager must not appropriate to himself any kind of advantage, but must rigidly adhere to the prices which the Samlag has put upon the goods, and these prices shall be hung up on the walls of the rooms. All possible over-measure belongs to the Samlag, and not the manager, and therefore he has not—as formerly was the case with the Swedish Samlag, where, besides his salary, the income from the sale of ale was left to the manager—any interest in there being served under his management the greatest possible quantity. On the other hand, the manager shall, on his own account, have for sale prepared food, coffee, tea, milk, and chocolate. There are, however, in Christiania so many cheap and good

eating establishments for the working class that the Samlag's manager's sale of food, milk, &c., does not play the part it does in Sweden. The manager has to keep the premises clean, neat, sufficiently lighted and warmed, and look after the waiters. Besides his business as manager, he must not have any other. All kinds of brandy must be kept in and served out of vessels or glasses belonging to the Samlag, and bearing its mark. A book is kept with the manager in which he is debited for the goods he has received at the sale prices, and credited for the amount paid in. The Samlag takes the inventory, of which a list is kept, and according to which the manager is answerable on leaving. He has a fixed yearly salary, the amount of which varies according to local circumstances, but is always very moderate. The wages to the servants, as well as the expenses of warming and lighting, are defrayed by the Samlag.

A DUTCH CABINET.

IN the days when George IV. was king a cabinet of Dutch pictures was what no gentleman, pretending to wealth and taste, could be without. The number of Berghems, Ruysdaels, Cuyp, Hobbemas, and Steens then imported is not to be estimated. One such collection is at Buckingham Palace, rich in examples of the best type, all small, and all equally commendable in colour, composition, and light and shade, but the subjects all conceived in equally bad taste. You do not, as a rule, visit a Royal palace to see bores carousing. Another cabinet of the same kind is at Dulwich. A third, now deposited at South Kensington, was the subject of legal proceedings last week, when Lord Henry Hope, who has inherited the possession of it, endeavoured in vain to persuade the Court of Chancery to let him sell it. The different estimates of value in this case were remarkable. A dealer offered 80,000*l.* for eighty-three pictures, an average of nearly 1,000*l.* a piece. But experts from the great auction firm in King Street valued twenty-four of them at 62,000*l.*, and deposed to the likelihood of the whole collection fetching more than an average of 1,000*l.* each. The sale of the Peel collection to the National Gallery may be a case in point. Seventy pictures were sold for 70,000*l.*, but they included Hobbema's "Avenue" and several pictures by Reynolds. At the very time when Mr. Justice Chitty was delivering the judgment of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Woods, at Christie's, was engaged in selling one of the best of these Dutch cabinet collections—that, namely, formed by the late Mr. George Field. It consisted of pictures of first-rate quality, mostly signed, or with pedigrees, and comprised works by Hobbema, Van de Capella, Cuyp, Van der Neer, Ostade, Ruysdael, Teniers, Steen, Van de Velde, and Wouverman, to the number of thirty-two. For these, according to the calculations of the experts before the Court, the vendors ought to have obtained about 30,000*l.* or more, for the pictures were quite equal in average value, though not in numbers, to those in the Hope collection, which is easily inspected at South Kensington. But on Saturday the Dutch cabinet pictures of Mr. Field only fetched 19,608*l.* 15*s.*, or an average of nearly 600*l.*

It is only necessary to mention separately a Hobbema, a lovely wooded landscape (4,725*l.*); a Ruysdael, "A Mill" (1,310*l.*); a Van de Velde, of shipping in a calm (946*l.* 10*s.*), and a Jan Steen, of the usual type, but very brilliant and well preserved (724*l.* 10*s.*). Besides the Dutch pictures, there was a very pretty Greuze, as usual of a young girl's head, which was put up at 300 guineas, and knocked down at 3,045*l.*—a very sufficient price, which should greatly increase the respect with which we regard the four lovely examples in the National Gallery.

There were many wonderful things besides pictures in the Field collection, and this week a little prayer-book, bound in enamelled gold, was sold for 1,281*l.* It was said to have been bound by George Heriot, the famous Scottish goldsmith, for Queen Elizabeth, but did not require any such legend to give it importance. It is well known to art lovers, having been several times exhibited since it was in the Duke of Sussex's collection. There was also a piece of Henri II. ware, a salt-cellar, which seemed rather cheap at 493*l.* 10*s.*; but it was only 5½ inches high. It goes abroad.

THE JUBILEE OF THE C. U. M. S.

THE usual summer festivities at Cambridge were varied this year by a celebration which allowed an unusual number of old University men to come up. Fifty years ago, come next Michaelmas, a little body of musical undergraduates started, within the venerable walls of Peterhouse, the first University musical society. From the small beginning made by this little group of enthusiastic amateurs, the Cambridge University Musical Society has slowly and steadily increased in size and enlarged its sphere of action, until at the present day it occupies a leading position, not only among the musical societies of the Universities of Great Britain and Ireland, but also among the musical societies of every country. As Lord Kelvin—one of the founders of the Society—pointed out, in his genial speech at the dinner given to celebrate the jubilee last Monday, the origin of the C. U. M. S. was as much social as musical; but, while its sphere of action in the latter capacity has widened far beyond the dreams of its originators, the Society has never forgotten its original aim, and the hospitality, which is one of the most striking features of English University life, has always been worthily sustained by the successive governing bodies who have directed the fortunes of the C. U. M. S. for so many years. With Professor Stanford—to whom it owes so much of its present position—as the guiding spirit of its councils, the sphere of the Society has extended almost to international proportions. Dr. Joachim has for several years been now looked on with the feeling which knits men of the same University together in all ranks and professions, and it was fitting that the Society should celebrate its Jubilee by a concert, in which the leading musicians of Europe took part.

Nor was America forgotten, for at the dinner given in King's College Hall last Monday evening, Mr. Walter Damrosch, himself a conductor of note, and a son of one who has done more than any one for the cause of music in the United States, occupied a conspicuous place at the high table. In the absence of Herr Brahms, whose love of retirement could not be overcome so as to induce him to journey to Cambridge, and of the veteran Signor Verdi, whose age prevented him from travelling so far, no better representatives of modern music could be found than M. Saint-Saëns, Herr Max Bruch, M. Tchaikovsky, and Signor Boito, and the University honoured itself as well as the Musical Society by bestowing upon them last Tuesday the degree of Mus. Doc. Herr Edvard Grieg, who had also accepted a similar proffered honour, was unfortunately prevented by illness from being present. The concert in the Guildhall, in which the eminent musicians took part, will long be remembered as a unique event in musical history. The programme opened with a scene from Herr Bruch's fine oratorio, *Odysseus*; M. Tchaikovsky was represented by his Symphonic Poem, *Francesca da Rimini*; M. Saint-Saëns by his Fantasia for Pianoforte and Orchestra, *Africa*; Signor Boito by the Prologue to his *Mefistofele*; Herr Grieg by his *Peer Gynt* Suite, and English music found no unworthy a specimen of its vigour in Professor Stanford's Chicago Ode, *East to West*. The performance of all these works was, such as to gladden the hearts of their respective composers, and the cheers with which they were greeted showed that a Cambridge audience—which on this occasion included most of the leading representatives of music in England—is as appreciative of what is good in art as it is pre-eminent in hospitality. It would be invidious to select any particular number in the programme for especial praise; but amongst much that was excellent, M. Saint-Saëns's superb playing of the solo part in his brilliant Fantasia impresses itself on the memory as a display which it would be hard to excel. Nor was the dinner which followed less successful than the concert, and the speeches of Lord Kelvin, M. Saint-Saëns, the Provost of King's, Professor Stanford, Professor Jebb, Mr. J. W. Clark, and Mr. Sedley Taylor—to the latter of whom so much of the success of the celebration is due—gave an opportunity for the many old members of the Society who were present to express the enthusiasm they felt by their plaudits. Later in the evening a reception was held at the Fitzwilliam Museum, at which a presentation of plate was made to Professor and Mrs. Stanford, on the occasion of the resignation by the former of the bâton of conductor, which he has wielded with so much success during the past twenty years. On the following day the ceremony of conferring the

Honorary Degrees in the Senate House was attended with the usual display of undergraduate enthusiasm and with which always attends such events; and, though the comments of the gallery on the Public Orator's speech were hardly as brilliant or happy as have been sometimes heard, there was no falling off in the quality of the cheers which greeted the University's musical guests.

THEATRES.

ON Monday afternoon, at the St. James's Theatre, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, *Bess*, a three-act play by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, was produced for the first time in London. It had, however, previously been performed with great success by Miss Geneviève Ward in South Africa and in the English provinces. This, if a hopelessly gloomy, is also an intensely powerful and pathetic story of a mother's self-sacrifice. The unhappy woman, who takes upon herself the guilt of the murder committed by her son while under the influence of morphia, only escapes from her penal servitude to find the son dead from a suicidal overdose of morphia, his dying confession putting her right with her husband, whom she had allowed to believe in her guilt in other things than that for which she has been punished. Grim as the story is, it gives Mrs. Beringer opportunity for some scenes of poignantly touching pathos, of which she shows herself an accomplished mistress. The acting was as powerful as the play. Miss Geneviève Ward's broad style was brought to bear with a strength and subtlety, rarely found in combination, in the delineation of the varying moods of the unhappy mother. Not less affecting was the sturdy, homely pathos of Mr. W. H. Vernon as the father. The son was played with consummate ability by Mr. H. V. Esmond, a young actor with a grasp of character which should carry him far. Among other clever performances was the bright rendering of an ingénue part by Miss Esmé Beringer, the doctor's boy of Mr. Leo Byrne, the unaffected naturalness of Master Caryl Field-Fisher as a little girl, and the impersonation of the same little girl grown up by Miss Helen Forsyth. Excellent work was also done by Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and Miss Kate Phillips.

Unquestionably Messrs. W. H. Pollock and Richard Davey set themselves a severe task in the dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's charming romance, *St. Ronan's Well*, performed on the same afternoon at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, though the result has amply justified the attempt in preserving to the stage a powerfully dramatic story, full of character and incident. The two difficulties which obviously beset the adapters were the extremely complex character of the relations between the leading personages and the danger, in introducing Scott's admirable comedy passages, of hindering the action of the play. Both of these obstacles have been overcome by the exercise of skilful ingenuity, and the story marches strongly on to a powerful and exciting finish, in which Mowbray kills Etherington in a duel, leaving Tyrrell and Clara together, presumably, to marry. The humorous characters have been dealt with as tenderly as may be, the treatment of the scandal scenes being particularly pertinent and good, and the dialogue, apart from its pure, simple, and direct literary quality, proves especially acceptable for its consistent suitability to the period of the story, which has been put back a hundred years, and to the persons into whose mouths it is put, perhaps as rare a quality as is to be found, or not to be found, in adaptations of a story not absolutely of today. The result is a work which, subject to a few trifling excisions in the earlier scenes, should make a capital acting play. Miss Annie Rose made an excellent Clara. The lighter moods of the character she expressed naturally, and she gave just the right touch of hysteria to the forced gaiety which preceded her first meeting with Tyrrell. Her expression of the deeper emotion which follows was extremely earnest, and in the great scene with her brother her rendering of the unhappy girl's alternating tenderness, shame, and terror was worthy of high praise. The high-handed boisterousness of Etherington was forcibly emphasized by Mr. Gaston Mervale, whose death-scene was an exceptionally able piece of acting. The sound method and virility of Mr. Edmund Gurney as Mowbray did much to enhance the dramatic value of the final scenes. Notwithstanding the trying circumstances under which he played the part, Mr.

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Frank Worthing's Tyrrell was a sincere, romantic performance of much merit. Although Miss Alexis Leighton greatly subdued the original harshness of Meg Dods, her impersonation was full of fine comedy humour, and the sympathetic side of the character in no wise suffered by the less abrupt contrast. Mr. Stewart Dawson's Touchwood faithfully reproduced the Scottish "pawkins" of the original, and Captain Jekyll, Mr. Bindloose, and Sir Bingo Binks found efficient representatives in Messrs. Garry, Rothbury Evans, and Cremlin. Miss Emilie Grattan was a piquante Maria, and Mrs. Edward Saker an admirable Lady Penelope. Miss Sylvia Grey, whose name we are rather accustomed to associate with dancing than with serious dramatic work, and who undertook the part of Hannah Irwin at very short notice, fully justified the confidence placed in her by a thoughtful and intelligent impersonation of the repentant girl. The very capable stage-management of Mr. Robb Harwood should not be forgotten.

In *An Enemy of the People* we have an Ibsen play not conforming to the later traditions of the Master, inasmuch as it is neither meaningless, obscure, nor nasty; although a concession is made to the prejudices of his admirers by the introduction of some intervals of considerable dulness. But, on the whole, the ability with which the story is set out leads us to wish that the dramatist had chosen some more attractive subject—rather than this turbulent storm in a suburban teapot. The character of Dr. Stockmann gives Mr. Tree but little opportunity for that minute character-drawing in which he used to delight and excel. It is a noisy, swaggering part—at least so Mr. Tree takes it, though he unquestionably makes the most of it from that point of view. An infinitely better drawn character, finely contrasted with it, is that of Stockmann's brother, the very soul and essence of the fiery tyrannical infallibility of Bumbledom, played throughout with admirable and consistent appreciation of its value by Mr. Henry Kemble. As Stockmann's wife, Mrs. Theodore Wright was pathetically loving and anxious, and Miss Lily Hanbury acted with great care and intelligence as Petra, his daughter.

The closing of Terry's Theatre by the Charrington management put an end to a good deal of speculation as to the probable success of an extension of the "triple bill" plan which had started so prosperously at the same house. It is unnecessary to enter too precisely into the causes of the failure, since any surmise on that head must be largely governed by a quite abnormal state of things so far as weather and counter-attractions are concerned. But it reminds one that not very long ago theatre-managers were somewhat up in arms against the suggested popularization of the Dramatic Sketch in music-halls. Any fear of that kind has now subsided, and there appears neither the power nor the inclination on the part of the variety theatres to attract genuine theatrical audiences. The Sketch, apparently, enjoyed but a momentary popularity. At the big houses, such as the Alhambra and the Empire, the magnificently appointed ballets are the chief attraction. Even the dramatic recitations which threatened at one time to come into vogue are heard no more, and, so far as central London is concerned, the Sketch is an inappreciable quantity, and apparently is not wanted at present either in the ordinary theatre or in that of varieties.

A new amorphous thing has, however, crept into being in succession to what has been for some years past known in mockery as burlesque. The pretence which links certain incidents together as pegs upon which to hang the items which go to make up *In Town* and *Morocco Bound* is the most transparent fiction imaginable. In the one case we are taken to the Green Room of a theatre dedicated to the modern substitute for burlesque, and in the other we find an even more flimsy excuse for the introduction of what are in both cases neither more nor less than music-hall "turns." The promoters of *In Town* are infinitely indebted to the quaint, inexhaustible drolleries of Mr. Arthur Roberts, who has ever been a variety artist on the regular stage, just as he was always a comedian in the music-halls. The most exigent critic need seek for nothing better of its kind than Miss Letty Lind's imitation of the French café chantant performer in *Morocco Bound*, conceived as it is in the truest spirit of burlesque. It is the best thing she has ever done; but the manner of its introduction reduces it to an item which should be numbered in a variety programme. These are but two instances out of many, and it would be difficult to find an answer to music-hall proprietors

who complained that their field of operations had been limited by the absorption of their best material by rival entertainers in a foreign field. After all, it seems as though the only thing to be done is to give audiences orthodox doses of the best material procurable. We are sadly in want of a good writer of comedy, who will write comedy, and we cannot help thinking that good romantic drama would go down if properly presented. The public taste is not radically unsound; it has only been put temporarily out of order, as, indeed, has the discrimination of playwrights, by the tampering of faddists. If a dramatist fails to attract and hold his audience, it is not unreasonable to suppose that this is at least partly owing to some deficiency of power on his part.

REVIEWS.

MANY INVENTIONS.*

MR. KIPLING'S new volume contains fourteen stories, of which the greater number have, we believe, already been before the public in one form or another. Like many other successful writers of short pieces, Mr. Kipling invariably evokes considerable differences of opinion among his admirers as to the relative merits of his several productions. In a discussion among some half-dozen persons of more or less literary taste as to which was his best story, we have heard that distinction claimed by different individuals for "The Madness of Private Ortheris," "The Man who would be King," "With the Main Guard," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," and "Without Benefit of Clergy," and the same kind of thing might be said of his verses. To our mind the most striking of the new tales in the present volume is a short story of the sea, called "A Matter of Fact." The straw of which this brick is made is exiguous in quantity, and as stale as possible in quality, being nothing more or less than the sea-serpent, naked and unashamed. Moreover, a "scientist" would probably have no difficulty in demonstrating that the story is a mass of biological impossibilities. Yet it holds the attention—our attention, that is—from first to last as in a vice, and, if a passenger by express train reached his station in the middle of it, there would be nothing surprising in his being carried another hundred miles sooner than shut the book in order to alight. The "Disturber of Traffic," with which the book begins, is an effective and rather touching story of the madness which gradually overtook the keeper of a solitary lighthouse in the Java seas. "In the Rukh" is lycanthropical without being in the least disgusting. "Brugglesmith" is the sort of delightfully rollicking fare, with hardly any beginning and no kind of end, of which Mr. Kipling has once or twice before published examples. "Judson and the Empire" is a very cheerful and entertaining story, showing the true inwardness of certain warlike operations, and the merits and resourcefulness of the British naval officer on the South African coast. "Love-o'-Women" is, perhaps, the most ambitious of the new stories, but hardly the most successful, though the setting—arising out of a murder from jealousy—which gives occasion for Mulvaney's rather long story is admirable, and of the kind that only Mr. Kipling can attempt with any degree of success.

Among the stories published in this volume which have already been widely read are "My Lord the Elephant," "One View of the Question," "The Finest Story in the World," "His Private Honour," and "The Record of Badalia Herods-foot." It may be remembered that "His Private Honour" is the story of how Ortheris was struck on parade by a young subaltern who had lost his temper, and of how the episode had ultimately the best results. "One View of the Question" is not a story, but an exceedingly strong, thoughtful, and interesting satire, in the form of a letter from a Mahomedan in London to a friend in India. "The Finest Story in the World" is the account of fortuitous and fleeting recollections by an illiterate bank clerk of episodes of past lives lived by him mainly as a galley-slave or other subordinate seaman. The scheme is ambitious in the highest degree, and its execution extraordinarily successful. As we read the description by the bank clerk, in sporting-paper prose, of life and fighting on the galley, which the bank clerk supposes to be a mere casual fancy of his own, but which the narrator of the story recognizes as a genuine account at first hand of what happened during the clerk's previous incarnation, it is almost impossible to remember that

* *Many Inventions.* By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Mr. Kipling is doing what the clerk supposes himself to be doing, and putting the whole thing together out of what he has read or heard somewhere. It is real imagination, and very good of its kind. On one occasion the clerk produces "some rot I wrote last night before I went to bed," because it was "the sort of song they might sing in the galley y' know." ("Y' know" is a disagreeable and inartistic affectation of reproducing speech, of which we wish Mr. Kipling and his imitators were as tired as we are.) It begins:—

'We pulled for you when the wind was against us and the sails were low.

Will you never let us go?

We ate bread and onions when you took towns, or ran aboard quickly when you were beaten back by the foe;

The captains walked up and down the deck in fair weather singing songs, but we were below,

We fainted with our chins on the oars, and you did not see that we were idle, for we still swung to and fro.

Will you never let us go?

It fits in exactly with the account of the rough seafaring life.

This volume does not, to our minds, show any substantial advance upon Mr. Kipling's previous work. The old faults are still discernible. There is a good deal of coarseness, and a certain amount of bad taste. But, if the faults are there, the merits show no sign of diminution. The stories are full of life, vigour, and directness. They hold the attention, and dwell in the memory. There is an immense deal of humour, any quantity of good sense and discernment, and all that true and excellent appreciation of the English and (though, perhaps less consciously) of England which is the honourable distinction of all Mr. Kipling's work.

SHOCKING DISCLOSURES.*

THE Reverend Mr. Haweis has suffered a great deal of inconvenience from the importunity of people in prominent positions, who ought to have known better, and he has at length determined to expose them. We sympathize deeply with him, and we are at a loss to know whether to admire the picturesque geniality of his recital, in which he seems even to wish to screen the erring, or to be indignant at the vexations to which he was exposed. He was, however, in a great many instances firm. When he looks back on many a painful episode he may be glad to feel that he was firm. For example, when Lord Tennyson, monopolizing Mr. Haweis beyond all the bounds of endurance, said at length, "Are you going?" as though he had said "Will you stay no longer?" Mr. Haweis was quite firm with him. He records, in his proud simple way, "I went." It will be a consolation to him to his dying hour that, when Tennyson wheedled him into staying still longer, he was firm, though doubtless kind, in absolute refusal.

But where does Sir Morell Mackenzie come in?

Garibaldi was a remarkable man, but Mr. Haweis knew the limits of human vanity. He saw that the creditable patriot would be intoxicated by too much condescension, and he saw where to draw the line. "I never went down to the quay at Naples to see him off." This probably restored Garibaldi to his right mind. Jenny Lind was one of those nervous beings, so easily overstrung by excess of attention; but Mr. Haweis rejoices to record, "I never gave myself the trouble to call on her," and very proper, too. Renan was another of these people who need to be shown their place, and when he accompanied Mr. Haweis to the door of the Collège de France, he "bade me return without delay—but I never returned." You cannot be too careful to keep these people of letters modest, and we are very glad that Mr. Haweis was so determined. Frederick Denison Maurice "saluted" Mr. Haweis in the street, and evidently longed to be spoken to; but Mr. Haweis knew his presumptuous habit of mind, "and I never crossed over to speak to him." When Archbishop Tait so far forgot himself as to ask Mr. Haweis to Lambeth, that gentleman very properly "refused his invitation." It makes our cheeks burn to think what pushing people there are in the world.

But where does Sir Morell Mackenzie come in?

The Reverend Mr. Haweis has had some experience of lecturing in America, and strongly advises people to go there. Soon after the winter of 1891 he "got ill," and there is not a little reason to believe that it was a touch of the influenza. He left for the Riviera, en route for Tangier. He was Chairman of a Hospital Samaritan Society for many years, and people were "in the habit of consulting me whenever there was any difficulty." We are

afraid there was also a good deal of that tiresome pushing of themselves by celebrated people on to the leisure of Mr. Haweis which we have already commented on with so real a concern. But he "embodied" the chief points of difference in a sermon, which he printed next day in the *Echo*, and which he is obliging enough to reprint here. It occupies five pages. Mr. Haweis has reason to know that the Venerable and enlightened Dean of St. Paul's disapproved of the Colenso persecution. He remembers visiting Mr. Cleveland, the President of the United States, at the White House on the morning of the opening of Congress, 1885. Mr. Cleveland was a modest man, and Mr. Haweis was not indisposed to indulge him. He did not snub him, as he had been obliged to snub Tennyson and Maurice and the rest; but he settled down (at that rather inconvenient moment) for a chat, and Mr. Cleveland "swang himself round in his rotating chair."

It is all frightfully thrilling; but where does Sir Morell Mackenzie come in?

The Reverend Mr. Haweis desired "a certain number of distinguished men, such as Prince Malcom Khan, General Booth, Justin McCarthy, Holman Hunt, and others" to deliver courses of "lectures" (sic) at his house in 1890. We wonder how he ventured to take the risk, for these celebrated people are so apt to forget themselves. Mr. Haweis is a man of wide observation; he has noticed that "many Spanish ladies suffer from the men smoking inordinately in their bedrooms." In whose bedrooms? In 1891 Mr. Haweis was not quite courteously treated by some members of the Hospital Committee in connexion with the Samaritan Society. It really is too bad; no class seems to be able to endure, with suitable reserve, the intoxicating tonic of Mr. Haweis's company. He lunched at Harley Street one day of the same year, for his affability is proof against all assaults. On a memorable evening, in what year is not stated, Mr. Haweis "entered the Whitehall Room of the Hôtel Métropole, to find myself surrounded by a very remarkable collection of men. First and foremost there was Lord Randolph Churchill." Now here we really protest. Mr. Haweis is too unkind. We cannot and will not believe that Lord Randolph meant to presume, or took a tasteless advantage of his accidental proximity to Mr. Haweis. It was natural vivacity and nothing more, we are certain; and we believe no less of "the aged Lord Crewe," and Mr. E. Yates, and all the rest of them. We are convinced that they meant no harm, and Mr. Haweis's unfortunate experiences in the past have positively made him too sensitive.

It is all intensely interesting, but when do we come to Sir Morell Mackenzie?

And when will the relatives of distinguished people learn not to entrust their papers to biographers who make them a vehicle for self-presented testimonials in print?

We had already formed the impression of this volume which is given above when a correspondence began to appear in the newspapers between Mr. Haweis and those directly interested in preserving the memory of Sir Morell Mackenzie. In these circumstances it seems to us more than ever proper to confine ourselves entirely to the real object, if not subject, of the present book—the goodness and greatness of the Reverend Mr. Haweis. We therefore postpone any remarks which we may have to make on the career of Sir Morell Mackenzie until a biography shall be issued in which he is made the central figure.

W. G. WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.*

IT is possible that to some tastes the second part of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Life of his father will not be quite so entertaining as the first. If it be so, it will not be wholly without the author's fault. It was perfectly impossible that in reference to the latest and longest part of Ward's life he should leave out either the metaphysical or the politico-ecclesiastical controversies which gave that life so much of its interest. But we really do not think that he need have burdened the volume with such an elaborate account of the rise, progress, and attitude of the Liberal-Catholic school on the Continent, and especially in France. These controversies could not, indeed, be left out altogether; for, though Ward when he plunged into them did it with that usual "ignorance of history, politics, and literature" which, with literal truth as well as characteristic exaggeration, he described himself as possessing, when it was proposed to make him editor of the *Dublin Review*, still he did plunge into them. But the scale on which Mr. Wilfrid Ward deals with this part of the matter rather corresponds to his own interest in it than to its intrinsic relevance to his main subject.

* Sir Morell Mackenzie, Physician and Operator. A Memoir. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

* William George Ward and the Catholic Revival. By Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan & Co.

When the volume opens in the year 1845 Ward's position is sufficiently paradoxical. He has married a wife and divorced a Church; has been stripped of his degree and repudiated his orders; is heir of entail to large estates, but has little or no present means; and without any very discernible training except the usual Anglican and Oxonian routine, a considerable knowledge of mathematics, and a great fondness for the theatre, aspires to teach as a layman dogmatic theology on the scholastic system, and in accordance with Roman views, to the seminarists of Old Hall, Hertfordshire. But he did not attain this last position at once, and perhaps one may doubt whether he ever would have attained it if his uncle had not died. A man of large property and admitted powers is not to be rejected by a rather struggling community when he offers it his services; and Pio Nono showed his well-known shrewdness and wit when he replied to some episcopal protester against Ward as a married layman, "It is a novel objection to any one who is engaged in the work of God that he has received one Sacrament of Holy Church which neither you nor I can possibly receive." So for the best part of the fifties Ward doubled the very odd parts of Professor of Dogmatic Theology in a Roman Catholic seminary and Squire of Northwood, in the Isle of Wight. His affections were wholly set upon the first and against the second. Among his innumerable "ignorances" all country matters were included. He could not even pretend to interest himself in his estates, he cared nothing for sport, and the horse exercise which his doctors ordered him was the cause of much eccentricity, here related at length. His dislike of general society was so great that after a time he positively abandoned Northwood because it was too near Cowes; he had no taste for art, for travel, for any of the thousand things for which a rich man can indulge his fancy and a poor one cannot.

There can be no doubt, however, that his seven years' work at Old Hall, anomalous as the position was, did him good. He said of himself that he was "very narrow and very strong," and nobody ever described himself more truly. We rather doubt whether, except in the case of some great mathematicians (of whom, be it remembered, he might easily have been one), such power of mind was ever concentrated in such an extremely small field. He has been called "deep"; but he was not even that. Although, in the case of a man who undoubtedly was a humourist, it is almost dangerous to take what he says too literally, there is no reason for distrusting one of his *boutades*, to the effect that he "should like a new Papal Bull every morning at breakfast." The logical peculiarity of his mind was an insatiable desire to work, and an almost unsurpassed faculty of working from premisses to conclusions (or from conclusions to premisses), without the trouble of examining the bases of the first or the consequences of the second. A "fresh Bull" would give him a fresh start, or goal, as the case might be, and, as the one thing that he hated was uncertainty, the definite ruling on any fresh point was always a clear gain. When he came, in future years, to tackle experimentalists and agnostics like Mill, like Mr. Huxley, like Mr. Bain, what made him such a terrible Tartar for them to catch was less any completeness or depth of system on his own part than his diabolical faculty for unmasking subterfuges, detecting gaps, and tapping weak places in their own arguments. He was much more of a destructive than a constructive metaphysician, and the more valuable part of his long polemic when he left off the parochial squabbles (we beg Mr. Wilfrid Ward's pardon, but we really must call them so) between Liberal Catholics and Ultramontanes lay in the fashion in which he played the old part of Ithuriel. None like him for touching with logical spear the three great fallacies of modern free thought—the fallacy of the experience-philosopher who confounds sequence with causation, the fallacy of the moralist who smuggles in the idea of "duty" without showing us whence it comes, and the fallacy of the anti-supernaturalist who says that the supernatural is not because it is not natural. On this last fallacy, indeed, Ward was less copious and less effective, because the Romanism of his Catholicism was here a restraint, not a help. On the other two he was masterly.

We have already hinted that we do not personally find that part of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book which deals with the dual between the *Home and Foreign Review* and the *Dublin*, or that which deals with the Syllabus and the Vatican Decrees, very interesting. The former is extremely unimportant, a dead episode merely; the latter is important in a way, but has been so written and over-written about, that a fresh handling is fulsome. Much more interest will be found by most readers in the account of the Metaphysical Society, though a mocking spirit might suggest that this subject also has of late got into the "written about," and approached the "over-written about" stage. Still it was an interesting scene, and Ward was unquestionably one of the chief figures, if not the chief figure, in it. It appears by the joint testimony of everybody that it was a case in which "L'Amour,

l'amour, l'amour," did not make the wheels go round, but, on the contrary, stopped them. "It died of too much love; mutual understanding had reached its highest point." By which rather enigmatical expressions, the profane will guess that the dinner of herbs was found a little insipid, and that a stalled ox and a free fight with its bones afterwards was hankered after.

In all the history, however, there is interest more or less, and there are plenty of good stories. There are few that we personally like better than that quoted above, of Pius the Ninth, at which we feel sure St. Peter (who also was a married man) clanked his keys approvingly. Very neat, and good too, is this of Pugin—

"I remember his coming into the Sacristy at Old Hall College, and seeing Dr. Cox vested in an old French cope. He said he was going to offer prayers for the conversion of England. "What is the use, my dear sir," said Pugin, in a tone of deep depression, "of praying for the conversion of England in that cope?"

We suppose that it is our Anglican prudery which makes us take much less delight in some legends of the holy jokes which Faber and Ward used to make, or in the anecdote of Ward himself, when his daughter was going to chapel, saying "Give my love to the Blessed Sacrament." We remember a hideously bigoted Anglican and Englishman saying that "he was sure his own Church was the true one, for she alone of Christian communities had any taste." The remark showed gross exclusiveness, and a very improper spiritual pride; but we fear the author would have seen confirmation of it in this anecdote. Infinitely pleasanter is the account of one of Ward's pieces of pure nonsense about "the place which was not the birthplace of Jeremy Bentham." It is too long to quote, but is really good. His family, it seems, used to discourage this vein. Poor things! But it was too strong for them. Not bad, again, is the Irish friend who related with the utmost pride how his ancestor, an Irish king, rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, burnt on a funeral pyre himself, his wife, his children, and all his living descendants. Interesting in a very different way, but very interesting, and not in the least surprising, is the statement that Ward could not appreciate Pascal. The school of thought to which Pascal belonged theologically may have had something to do with this; but Ward's utter deafness and blindness to literature as literature, and his detestation of anything like doubt, even of the most orthodox kind, must have had more. The best of the "Metaphysical" stories is that of a thrust and riposte between Ward and Mr. Huxley. When the worshipful Society was drawing up its rules, it was insisted that nobody was ever to be shocked at anybody else. Quoth Ward, "While acquiescing in this condition as a general rule, I think it cannot be expected that Christian thinkers should give no sign of the horror with which they would view the spread of such extreme opinions as those advocated by Professor Huxley." It was not likely that Mr. Huxley would be found recreant to such a challenge, and he replied, "As Dr. Ward has spoken, I must in fairness say that it will be very difficult for me to conceal my feelings as to the intellectual degradation which would come of the general acceptance of such views as he holds." *Et vitula tu dignus et hic.* Mr. Wilfrid Ward seems to think that the Society was so frightened by the prospect of cut-and-thrust of this kind, that it took refuge in the universal embracings which, as noted above, stifled it. But, considering the result, is not this a pity? It might have lived to this day, with a rally of this kind now and then to freshen things. The examples of Mill's extreme matter-of-factness here given are very pleasing, as well as those of his honourable readiness to fight on even terms with Ward. But we must point out once more to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who, with his father, seems to regard the celebrated "To Hell I will go" passage with approval, that not only is the conclusion absurd (for *ex hypothesi* Mr. Mill's consent would neither be necessary nor pertinent), but the hypothesis is grossly unfair to Mansel's contention. And Mr. Ward himself is unfair to Carlyle and those who thought with him on the Jamaica question when he describes them as promoting a "darned nigger" outcry.

However, we shall not pick holes in Ward—a very easy process, but a needless one. As Dean Goulburn, with characteristic bluntness, told him, he had become an honest man when he went over, and the propriety or legitimacy of the original step being in regard to the period covered by this volume not in question, we can afford to regard him with more charity than previously. Also, we think that from the Roman Catholic point of view his, not that of his Liberal "opponents," was the right position, though no doubt his eccentric, and at times scarcely sane, passion for pushing everything to extremes made him often unjust and sometimes unfair to them. We cannot but think there is "something weird, something wanting" about a man who seems to have had no interests in life but Metaphysics (chiefly, if not wholly, a

ancilla theologiae), devotional exercises, chess, and the theatre; but undoubtedly these are all very respectable tastes in their way. It is many years since, after great disappointment with the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and some indignation with Ward's conduct previous to his Romanization, his first controversies with Mill conciliated us to him as (to alter slightly the inscription on his tomb) "Veritatis propugnator acerrimus." But we do not think that we ever quite liked him till we read that story about the place where Bentham was not born, which seems to have annoyed his family so much.

NOVELS.*

IT is a little venturesome in a novelist to take her readers to a country-house filled with guests who are presented to them as being "so dreadfully clever" and "all very charming." This is a high standard, and raises great expectations; nor does it prepare them to find one of the so dreadfully clever people saying, "I'm going to go a ride"; or, "No one is ever bored unless they are comfortable," although, in spite of its defects in grammar, this sentence contains a great truth. We admit that the dreadfully clever people occasionally say some very smart things; but the edge is taken off them by some of their sayings which are far from smart, although intended to be so. The speaker's name, or rather nickname, is Dodo, and she is the heroine of a novel bearing that title. This young lady smokes, says "damn," talks about having "a hell of a time," marries a man whom she does not love, after a year or two of connutial bliss tells a guest staying in her house that she has ordered the carriage at 10.30 P.M., and asks him to fly with her. The guest refuses to fly, and she forgets to counter-order the carriage; consequently complications ensue. By-and-bye the husband dies, and she engages herself to marry the guest; but, instead of doing this, she marries a foreign prince at a few hours' notice, and goes with him to Paris, leaving the jilted one to ascertain all this as best he may. The strong point of the novel is the individuality of its characters. In Dodo herself, as might be expected, this is the most marked; but it is little less so in Edith Staines, a musical young woman who, as Dodo says, is "writing a symphony or something, and is no use except at meals." A Mrs. Vivian is another well-drawn character, and contrasts admirably and favourably with the other ladies of the story. There is also a Miss Grantham, who declares that "common people" only think about "things to eat, and heaven, and three acres, and funerals," whilst she herself obviously thinks of little, if anything, in the wide world, except her own amusement. Of the males, the husband is most clearly and consistently described; Jack Broxton, with his honourable feelings mingled with a tendency to thrust himself into temptation, and a rather vacillating temperament, if not a character of any great individuality, is very like many men in real life. There are some good scenes. Not the least amusing is on a Sunday morning, when Dodo determines to have "a delicious little service in the drawing-room," instead of going to church. The description of her feelings when she hears that her baby is dead is emphatically *not* amusing. When her husband died, Dodo "shut herself up in" his "great house, quite alone for two months, and went to church with a large prayer-book every morning at eight. But it was burlesque all the same." "The gallery yelled with applause." "Then she went abroad and sat down and wept by the waters of Aix. But she soon took down her harp. She gave banjo parties on the lake and sang coster songs." The author is a little weak on subjects connected with sports. She writes about a horse that "plunged." We say "she" advisedly; for what man ever wrote or spoke about a horse plunging? Then she makes a host announce to his guests, some time after breakfast, that they are going to have a pheasant-shoot that morning—"over the home covers," as the hostess expresses it—as if he would not have told them so the evening before. She informs us that hunting was stopped by frost for a week in September, and she sends Dodo out hunting wearing a feather in her hat. In September, too, Dodo and her husband "went hunting every morning." We are careful to repeat that here and there are some smart sayings, but they are diluted with a large amount of nonsense, and there are some capital situations, the effect of which is lessened by a considerable quantity of pointless narrative; yet *Dodo* is a study of character which will, at least

to a certain extent, repay the reading. We think that most people will have met a Dodo or two in society, and that, even if the picture be caricatured, it will be readily assigned to a good many living prototypes.

There is singularly little plot in *The Saffron Robe*, and in a novel with little or no plot, great crispness, brilliancy of execution, amusing scenes and conversations, combined with brevity, are necessary to success. Unfortunately all these qualities are rather conspicuous by their absence in the present instance. If the work had been compressed into a very short book of, say, one hundred pages, instead of more than eight hundred, or even if it had appeared as a magazine story, it might have been fairly readable, and the sketch of the well-meaning, meddling, muddling mother in it might have been considered ably executed; whereas the novel, in its present form, is dull almost beyond endurance. It describes the humdrum life and the prosaic love-makings of two most uninteresting families, the members of which, in their endeavours to further each other's interests, hopelessly hinder them. Indeed the hero and heroine would probably never have been brought to each other's arms, had not the one black sheep in the fold, who used to sit by the fire "picking at his nails," denied himself that aesthetic occupation for an hour or so, and accidentally shot the hero, though not unto death. This brought Dick and Diana, the hero and heroine, to their senses. For some time Diana had had "an aching longing" for Dick; indeed, "her bosom heaved tempestuously" whenever she thought of him; and it was quite a relief to learn that her aches and spasms had been relieved by the wandering bullet of her brother, the black sheep. We are told a great deal more than we want to know about Diana's thoughts and feelings. Besides being informed of her tempestuous heavings and aching longings, we are kept thoroughly posted as to what she thought and felt from day to day, when talking to friends, eating her food, down-sitting and uprising, dressing and undressing, in bed and out of bed. For this and other reasons, we should class this novel as a girls' book; nor that one of the wisest or most wholesome. Emotion and sentiment and fuss about nothing are its leading characteristics.

The author of *A Ruthless Avenger* would seem to have taken the prime idea of her plot from the venerable story of Bluebeard. Mrs. Conney's Bluebeard is a peer, "a dark man of thirty or thereabouts, whose strongly-marked features were distinguished, even on this auspicious occasion" (he was just going to propose to wife No. 2) "by a sombre air of melancholy." He was "the best *parti* in the kingdom," and he was tremendously respectable; unfortunately, he was not only excessively jealous, but occasionally ran amok, although no one except his confidential valet was aware that he was afflicted by the last-named propensity. How his first wife died is not very clear; all we know of her is that she did not give him satisfaction; he knifed the second, cutting her throat "from ear to ear," and he tried to knife the third, five minutes after he had killed a man with whom she had been flirting; but his guests, some policemen, and the confidential valet came to the rescue just in time to save her, and strapped his lordship tightly to a chair. It must not be supposed that Bluebeard is the hero. The latter is a person of a very different stamp. He begins as the admirer of his cousin, who has got into an awkward scrape, and he very wisely recommends her, since she is practically guiltless, to make a clean breast of the whole matter, rather than submit to be blackmailed by an unscrupulous scoundrel. Shortly afterwards, he himself gets into a scrape, although absolutely guiltless, when, instead of making a clean breast, according to his own vaunted principles, he promptly runs like a hare, rather than face a full inquiry. On two occasions, the hero and the heroine show a wonderful power of holding long conversations while drenched to the skin; on the first, after being exposed to a pelting thunderstorm; on the second, after they have been up to their necks, or rather over their heads, in the Thames. One of the main incidents of the story, which, we may observe, is very rich in incident, is a jewel robbery, and the selling and the tracing of the jewels furnish the clues and the threads which weave the plot together. There are plenty of detectives and plenty of singular coincidences; there is a wicked lord in addition to Bluebeard, who was, indeed, rather mad than wicked; there is a wicked captain; there is a lost certificate of marriage, which is afterwards found, and still later deliberately used for the purpose of lighting a cigar, although a peerage and a property depend upon it; and, crowning point of all, there is a magnanimous renunciation. The enumeration of these few details may, we think, give an idea of the class of novel to which *A Ruthless Avenger* belongs. As to criticism, it may be sufficient to say that the book is far from bad of its kind; nor does it seem to us to be without evidence that, if she

* *Dodo: a Detail of the Day.* By E. S. Benson. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

The Saffron Robe. By Margaret B. Cross. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

A Ruthless Avenger. By Mrs. Conney. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1893.

Mrs. Elphinstone of Drum. A Novel. By Mrs. Stevenson. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

chose, its author could write a novel of a class considerably higher in the ranks of fiction. In the present instance, however, everything is made more or less subservient to what is vulgarly called a "rattling plot."

The plot of *Mrs. Elphinstone of Drum* is soon told. Jim, the husband of Miriam, who is supposed to be dead, marries Liz, with whom Sebastian is deeply in love. Miriam appears. Sensation! Out of consideration for the dilemma of Jim and Liz, Miriam shoots herself. Jim re-marries Liz, and is kind enough to die, beseeching Liz to marry Sebastian. She does. There are ample materials here for three volumes; yet the three volumes of this particular novel seem very empty, and the reader's interest is never fairly aroused from the beginning to the end. Jim, who "went nowhere without a stimulant in his pocket," is a very unattractive character; Liz, even when she became "conscious of passivity," failed to excite us; Sebastian, who talks about "the very man to make her feel there's awkward delicacy in her position," is a bore; as to Miriam, we own to having experienced a sensation of relief when we learned that she had shot herself; and no wonder, since her very husband himself had only "married her for convenience and a tranquil inclination." The love-making is very laboured. "Darling, are you frightened of me?" is a fair specimen of its style. Poor Jim, between his two wives, and one thing or another, was always in trouble. On one occasion we read that "he seemed to move mechanically, and to reel against a substantial object without voluntary volition. When he reached it, he clung to it." No. He was not drunk, "his brain was on fire." That was all. The ladies, too, are often in difficulties. "It was almost with an answering scream that she half seized Elizabeth, half dashed herself into her arms with a choking torrent of words that half explained and half implored." And what did Elizabeth do? "Elizabeth sprang out of bed, and took and held her." How we should like to live at Hambro! for in that favoured little English country town, when lilacs and laburnums are flowering in their greatest exuberance, hollyhocks are also in full bloom. The house from which Liz was married "was delicately enwreathed with the pale stems and pendant lavender flowers of wistaria, a tracery as subtle and dainty as any pencil ever drew"; yet "within the railings stood a row of hollyhocks, their spikes of pink and yellow and red and white bloom giving pre-Raphaelite touches that added transparent brilliancy to the sun-steeped whole." Possibly, in the pre-Raphaelite period, spring and autumn flowers may have blossomed simultaneously; but we had hitherto been unaware of that interesting fact.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

THIS volume of the Hakluyt Society is of unequal interest, and no part of it is quite new. The Journal of Columbus had been translated before, as Mr. Markham acknowledges, and was well known in whole, or in part, to English readers. Those who can read Spanish can easily make acquaintance with it in the invaluable "Coleccion de los Viajes y Descubrimientos" &c. of Navarrete. The documents here given relating to the voyage of Gaspar Corte Real to North America are well enough in place to fill up a volume, but they have little intrinsic value. The two voyages of Dom Gaspar, and the following voyage of his brother, were mere events of which we do not know the details, and which had no consequences of importance. What value they have lies in the proof they afford that King Manoel of Portugal was eager to discover whether some part of the land reached by Columbus did not lie to the east of the Pope's line of demarcation. There is something pathetic in the story of the disappearance of Dom Gaspar, of the loss of his brother Dom Miguel in a voyage in search of him, and the offer of the third brother, Vasque Anes, to go after the other two. He was stopped by the King. The family was ill fated; for the last of them, Manoel Corte Real, was killed, with all the manhood of Portugal, at the battle of Kasr-el-Kebir. But we only know the bare facts, and nothing came of the voyages, except an entry in the Cantino map.

The part of the volume devoted to the Cabots is fuller, but even that is of but trifling interest. The voyage of John Cabot was more fruitful in results than Gaspar Corte Real's; but we can hardly say that if it had never been made the difference would have been great. It is true that the sovereigns of England used his discovery of Newfoundland as establishing their claim to settle America. But if he had never sailed they would have made the

claim all the same. Besides, here also the details are meagre. The details relating to his son, Sebastian, are more varied. Mr. Markham is somewhat concerned about the moral character of Sebastian, as illustrated by his conflicting statements as to the place of his birth, the claim he appears to have made to the whole credit of the voyage to Newfoundland, and the intrigues in which he endeavoured to play off Spain, England, and Venice against one another as the recipients of his valuable services. To us it appears that there is more cry than wool in the controversy which has arisen at different times as to the character of Sebastian Cabot. His supposed claims to the credit of his father's voyage are based merely on reports of what he said, and it is very possible that the reporter did not understand, or did not trouble himself to be minute, or even that Sebastian in the course of talk was not pedantically exact. As for his intrigues with Venice while in the service of Spain, as told by the Ambassador Contarini, they only prove that he was neither better nor worse than most soldiers of fortune of his time. He served in the sea service for pay and allowances, but with the reserved right to go elsewhere if he could get better. It may not have been a noble standard, but it was an understood thing, and Cabot must have been well aware that, if the sovereigns of Spain and England could have got the work done by one of their own subjects or by another foreigner on better terms, they would have had very little scruple in getting rid of him. The intrigue, too, with Venice is very obscure. One would like to know how Cabot proposed to keep his promise to enable his native city to share in the commerce with the New World without sending ships through the Straits of Gibraltar. It is very possible that he did not like to be referred to Contarini, and was simply talking nonsense to kill time.

The interest of the Journal of Columbus, even in the compressed form in which we possess it, is beyond question. The original has disappeared like so much else, but the analysis, with copious quotations made by Las Casas, has been printed by Navarrete. The substance and the best passages of this version have found their way into all Lives of Columbus. Mr. Markham's translation is not the first; but it will be more accessible than Kettell's, and is not superfluous. It is fairly spirited and substantially accurate, though at times a little wanting in precision. "Covered them" is, for instance, a silly timid way of rendering "Cobija su natura." These books are not meant for ladies' boarding schools, and Mr. Markham might as well have used the plain term of the original, which is common enough in our own navigators. "Les riño," again, does not mean that the Admiral complained of them, but that he rebuked them. Columbus was not the man to confine himself to complaining of sailors who did not steer properly. We need not say anything now of the much-discussed Journal, or of its author, about whom there has been an abundance of writing of late. Mr. Markham prints Toscanelli's two letters with the Journal. Though well known, they are much in place here. They are mainly interesting because of the respect which Columbus had for them. There is nothing in them of value which the Admiral's own common sense had not told him already—namely, that, if you sail west long enough, you must come in time to the countries visited by Marco Polo. But they were the work of a learned man, and Columbus seems to have regarded them with great reverence. They are not at all foolish letters. Given the evidence he had to go on, Toscanelli reasoned very well, and he could not possibly know that America existed till it was found.

VOODOO CHARMS AND SORCERIES.*

THAT stern and unbending folk-lorist, Mr. C. G. Leland, observes of Miss Owen's collection of Missouri "Negro-Indian" stories that they take us, more deeply than those made on the "Grimm principle of 'pleasing tales for the nursery,'" back to the fresh, the green life-history of folk-lore. They are, in fact, the growing leaves which students of folk-lore know how to value; the others, which are most admired by children and the general reader, are leaves "fallen from the lofty trees of religion, driven about by the playful wind as mere legends or nursery tales." We, too, are greatly taken by Miss Owen's very delightful and suggestive book. But we are not altogether taken as Mr. Leland's metaphor directs. That way would lead us to dubious conclusions, were we disposed to theorize on a subject about which doctors differ. "Mere legend," indeed, is the staple of Miss Owen's volume, and it is presented, happily for the reader, in its freshest aspect, as orally gathered, and free from the

* *The Journal of Christopher Columbus (during the First Voyage, 1492-93), and Documents relating to the Voyages of John Cabot and Gaspar Corte Real.* Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Hakluyt Society. 1893.

* *Old Rabbit, the Voodoo, and other Sorcerers.* By Mary Alicia Owen. With Introduction by Charles Godfrey Leland. Illustrated by Juliette A. Owen and Louis Wain. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

theories of folk-lore. Mr. Leland thinks the fallen leaves, though the "prettiest, are, unfortunately, the driest." How dry these stories of Miss Owen's Missourian half-breeds might become in the hands of some mighty hunter in the wilderness of Folk-lore, only those know who are well acquainted with all that has lately been written by theorists pure and simple. What Mr. Leland strangely calls "the Grimm principle" is a very admirable principle for a story-teller. Miss Owen observes the old immortal rule of story-telling. She has, moreover, the dramatic faculty, as her extremely effective opening chapter shows. Like Chaucer, like every great story-teller, who tells a "round" of stories, she presents the various narrators with vivid and brilliant characterization in an impressive prologue. Each story, or group of stories, is proper to the speaker, and each speaker has a personality that is truly vital. There is much piquancy and humour in the sketch of the mysterious "Aunties" who form a kind of witches' circle about the eager fair-haired girl, who draws inspiration from their stories of the Bee King, Old Man Rattlesnake, Blue Jay, Woodpecker, and so forth, edited at the same time by their disputes about the relative virtues of charms. There is Aunt Mymee, an appalling creature—"Plain! She'd be better looking if she were plain"—who is the only pure-blooded African among them, though the only copper-coloured witch of the crew. She is the daughter of a great "conjurer," and had the Devil for father, she would have you know. She is excellent at making the "hand of love"—that old Voodoo charm—and her "love powders go right to the spot." Then there is Aunt Jinny, or "Granny," whose skill in "medicine" is boundless. She is no "common ole nigger—mosly aint no nigger 'tall," but has come "fum dem Lenny-Lennype Injuns." Mme. Angélique Bougareau, otherwise "Mrs. Boogarry"—half French, half Indian—is, perhaps, the most fearsome and interesting of the whole party. She carries in one pocket her medicine-pipe and eagle-bone whistle, her "key to Heaven" and her missal, her rabbit's foot and her rosary, and wears "a saint's toe dangling on her bosom," and her pet fetich, a "luck-ball," under her right arm.

The mixture of Red Indian lore and Voodooism in the stories is certainly very curious. Many of the stories, as Mr. Leland points out, are almost identical with those collected by Schoolcraft and others, with two distinct kinds of magic, the Red Indian and African. In some cases, traditions of Negro and Indian races are mingled with another kind of lore, as in the delightful story of the Fox and the "Perarer-chicken," with which Aunt Mymee so vexes the soul of jolly Aunt Em'ly, who is of the Fox family herself through her Indian ancestors. This story is simply one of *Aesop's Fables*, probably derived from the teaching of French missionaries, as Mr. Leland suggests, and grafted on to the mythology of the Indians. These half-bred "conjurers" talk to a charm, just as in Devonshire, where charms are still in favour and still work, as we are well assured, they "say" things to it. Thus in the curious account Miss Owen gives of the making of a luck-ball by an African "doctor," there is much talking to the charm by the medicine-man. This ceremony well exhibits the repulsive element which Mr. Leland marks as peculiar to Voodoo magic, as distinguished from Red Indian. Then in the humorous story of Old Rabbit and the Woodpecker, "Ole Rabbit" is said to take a silver luck-ball, and "den he sot down an' tork er long time unter dat silveh ball an' tell um wut ter do." The superstitions with regard to bees among these Negro-Indians are to some extent identical with beliefs or practices that still survive in parts of England. They are identical, Mr. Leland remarks, with Norse beliefs, and find their fullest expression in Finnic traditions. Whether lore so widely distributed is due to the action of like cause and effect, or is "tradited," to use Mr. Leland's term, or is simply a heritage, is a question that suggests an interminable field for discussion. Miss Owen's stories, told "at first hand" as they are from the lips of "true believers," are as rich in suggestion as they are in value to the student. Their suggestiveness is, indeed, quite marvellous. The Socialist, for example, may observe, with a chuckle, if his humour allows, that property—a person's "belongings"—among these Missouri half-breeds is invariably called "plunder." The rivalries of the "Aunties" with regard to the virtues of charms and the powers of "tricks" are pleasantly displayed. One of them is great in rattlesnake medicine. To cure the "breas' kimplaint" you must tear the heart out of the snake and swallow it living, and if you wear the "rattle ob de snake in yo' h'ar, yo' ain't ne'er gwine ter hab misery in de haid (headache)." "Er cabbage-leaf is mos' es good," Aunt Em'ly interjects; but Aunt Mary will not allow it. Admirable are the expressive force of language and the dramatic propriety of style the stories exhibit. Although the whole narrative has perfect unity, it is yet possible to exemplify the writer's skill by quotation, apart from the context. Here, for example, is a description of a man

bewitched by two dreadful ghostly "waller wups," or jack-o'-lanthorns:—

'My! de sight tuhn 'im cole. On go de jacky-me-lantuhn todes whar de turr one a-balluncin', bob, bob, bibberty-bob; 'cross de wet grass inter de shaller watted munga de roots, bob, bob, bibberty-bob; 'cross de shaller watted munga de roots inter de tick mud, bob, bob, bibberty-bob. He follow. He up ter de shins now. Bob, bob, bibberty-bob. De mud gittin' thin now. Bob, bob, bibberty-bob. He up ter he knees. He mak' er plunge. He up ter de waia' now. Bob, bob, bibberty-bob. One mo' pull. He up ter de neck. Bob, bob, bibberty-bob. Dem two jacky-me-lantuhns bofe closte unter 'im, one dis side, one dat. Bob, bob, bibberty-bob. Dey come ter gerrer. Dey settle onter 'im. He shet de eyes. He gone. "Guggle, guggle—PLOW!" say de watted. Bob, bob, bibberty-bob—'way go de jacky-me-lantuhns.'

The illustrations, by Miss J. A. Owen and Mr. Louis Wain, are exceedingly clever, Miss Owen's drawings being especially happy in their unforced and always forcible archaic quality. If the Red Man is a man of humour, they should make him dance with delight by his red cedar-tree. They are not the least attractions of a charming book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. JOHN BROWN.*

A REGULAR biography of Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and his Friends*, would be an interesting possession. No man had more friends than Dr. Brown; many of them were artists and men of letters, with several he corresponded freely. He is likely to live, however, in his works, and in the memory and affections of all who knew him, not in a regular "Life." Dr. Peddie, the author of *Recollections of Dr. John Brown*, was one of his oldest and most intimate friends. They had been boys and students together; they were both disciples of Sime; their houses in Edinburgh were near each other; in nothing were they ever long divided.

Dr. Peddie, however, only offers reminiscences and letters; he does not aim at a biography, and many sad circumstances in Dr. Brown's benevolent and blameless career are better left without any record beyond this, that he bore many sorrows with the patience of a Christian and the sweetness of a humourist. His history was in his face, in its gravity, the slightly perplexed and much-enduring air; in his smile, in his eyes. Whoever saw him knew him, we may say, and whoever knew him loved him. There was no more true and tender, no kinder heart, no intellect more capable of looking at life with humorous disinterestedness, not "making too much marvel of his own fortunes," always ready to perceive the quaint, the fantastic, the absurd. In very many respects Dr. Brown recalled Lamb, without the wildness of Lamb's moods when the fantastic fit was on him. Despite his gentleness, he did not suffer fools gladly, nor tolerate fops and bores; but he did not, of course, display his intolerance, as Lamb did, in the familiar phrenological story. Nothing is more familiar in his life than his understanding of dogs, especially of that serious, Covenanting kind of dogs, Dandie Dinmont terriers. To his fancy they had almost human characters. He was the Landseer of the pen, and, among dogs, the Gavarni; for his scribbled sketches were often very witty and graphic. Dr. Brown was born in 1810—a son of a Dissenting line of ministers. The founder of the dynasty was his great-grandfather, Dr. Brown of Haddington, once a herd-laddie, who tramped into St. Andrews, asked for a Greek Testament at a bookseller's, and was presented with the volume by one of the Professors (which of them, one wonders), when the boy showed that he could read it. The auld leaven of the Covenant was in their sect, and in their hearts; but they were all learned Covenanters, like Blair, Baillie, Rutherford, and many others. One century earlier they might have been among the Indulged, not out with Cameron and Renwick. Born in this creed, Dr. Brown was true to it—a Liberal, as Liberals then were, and no friend (theoretically) to "Papists." This was his sentiment; had he been born an Oliphant or a Threipland, his sentiment would have been Jacobite, his Church the persecuted Episcopalian remnant. In short, he thought himself a Liberal, and was a fine natural Tory, true to everything in which he was brought up as a boy. He loved not Darwinism; he disliked innovations in his profession; he declined to speculate, and a life which might have made a pessimist found him and left him a devout believer. There is room and need in the world for other kinds of characters, but his was noble and amiable. He was too soft-hearted for the inevitable duties of a surgeon before chloroform was; he was a born man of letters,

* *Recollections of Dr. John Brown.* By Alexander Peddie, M.D. London: Percival & Co. 1893.

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but without ambition, without jealousy; and he, in a sense, gave away his essays to daily local papers, neither ungrateful nor unappreciative.

In contemporary letters Mr. Thackeray was his man; he had for Mr. Thackeray an ardent affection, for his noble character and sincere goodness a deep reverence. Incapable of jealousy for himself, for his friend he was jealous, and, with a winning touch of unreasonableness, never did justice to Mr. Dickens. He married in 1840; his wife was "singularly beautiful"; her last illness and her death, in 1864, practically broke her husband's heart, and ruined his health, but only made him more sympathetic, more interested in the joys and sorrows of others. His practice was never very extensive, and he gradually permitted it to dwindle, becoming a physician of the soul, who could be, and was, consulted in maladies not physical. While he lived Edinburgh had still one of the distinguished and attractive faces of uncommon men, once not infrequent in her streets. Dr. Brown, as a boy, had been wont to take his cap off to Scott; by those who were young in his later days he was regarded with scarcely less reverence, and with as much affection. He was the friend of the whole town—a town not yet so large but that, as in the ideal Greek State, the people may recognize each other. For, in spite of her little ways, Edinburgh is a friendly place. Among the better known of Dr. Brown's more intimate friends were Mr. Carlyle (and even Mr. Carlyle would have found it difficult to pick holes in him), Mr. Ruskin, Dean Stanley, Erskine of Linlathen, Mr. Sellar, Mr. Shairp, Mr. Aytoun, Mr. Thackeray, as we said, and Mr. Clemens—he had a great liking for Mark Twain. Generally speaking, all his juniors were his adorers, especially all who dabbled in art, letters, and the large class who know the points of a Dandie. He made himself especially delightful to boys and girls, and many of his later days were passed among a large, merry, and hospitable family at Holylee on the Tweed, near Ashiesteel. The Border in general was his home; his essay on Minchmoor and Mr. Shairp's poem on the "Bush above Traquair" are among the fruits of wanderings between Teviot and Tweed. "A talking woman is an awful judgment, mystery, and oppression," he said, for he was apt to be invaded by them who gush. As for his writings, as Dr. Holmes said, "we take him to our hearts almost before he has got hold of our intellects." He does not need to be criticized, but should be "read for human pleasure." Dr. Peddie's little volume is written with simple good taste, and is illustrated with engravings after some of Dr. Brown's little pen-and-ink sketches. A number of very characteristic letters are included, and, though we can imagine, we can hardly desire, a more complete and elaborate memoir.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT AUSTRALIA.*

MR. HODDER'S *History of South Australia* owes its composition to the lifelong wish of the late Mr. George Fife Angas, one of the fathers and founders of the colony. Mr. Angas had for years collected materials for such a history, hoping to write it himself; and at his death, his papers showing how keen his desire was that a comprehensive history should be written, his son, a member of the Legislative Council of South Australia, determined to carry out his father's wishes, and for that purpose placed the materials collected in the hands of Mr. Hodder as the basis of the present work. The result is a book that will prove of undoubted value to the historian of Australia. It is, on the whole, well done. The author has not entirely overcome the temptation by which the local historian is inevitably beset of chronicling a good deal of what is undeniably very small beer. But, speaking generally, a fair perspective is maintained. Whether the division of chapters by the periods of the administration of successive Governors is the best that could have been adopted is another question. It is difficult, nevertheless, to see how, beyond certain broad lines of demarcation dividing the whole fifty years dealt with into, say, three main periods, any other more frequent chronological divisions could be found. And in the earlier days of the colony, at any rate, the change of Governors did in many instances mean also real changes of policy or administration. Mr. Angas (whose life has been written by the same author) was a man of statesmanlike breadth of view as well as of great sagacity and business ability. It was to him more than to any other individual that the colony of South Australia owed its actual start as a going concern. Colonization in its truer sense received a great impetus in the early thirties from the

theories propounded by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, whose name will always be associated with the best side of colonial enterprise in Australasia. The colony of South Australia was founded by Act of Parliament in 1834, and in the following year a Board of Colonization Commissioners was formed, of whom Angas was one—Rowland Hill, it is interesting to note, being the Secretary. The new enterprise, however, failed to go off until Angas (who afterwards settled in the colony) came forward with a scheme for a joint-stock Company to afford the necessary commercial and financial foundation without which the Act of Parliament authorizing the formation of the colony would have been a dead letter.

The distinguishing feature of South Australia is that it is (using the epithet in a figurative sense) essentially a "white" colony. Like New Zealand, its origin was free from the taint of convictism. South Australia started fair, not weighted with a criminal element, the burden and effects of which other colonies have had to struggle with for years, and to live down. It started also with a more enlightened policy governing its land legislation, which, in a new colony, it needs not to be said, is all or nearly all the whole of the law and the prophets. The author quotes Coleridge, who wrote in 1834 (the year of his death):—"Colonization is an imperative duty on Great Britain. God seems to hold out His finger over the sea. But it must be colonization of hope; not, as has happened, of despair." And so it was, as the author goes on to say, with South Australia—not doomed to the penalty of land monopoly, as in the Swan River Settlement (now Western Australia), or to the contamination and curse of being a penal colony like New South Wales (out of which Victoria and Queensland were carved) and Van Diemen's Land. Another advantage enjoyed by the colony at the outset was that the regulations for its government rested almost entirely with the Board of Commissioners, and not with a Colonial Secretary, supremely indifferent to so unimportant a part of the world as Australia then was. In spite of the difference attending its origin and early growth, the history of South Australia does not, in truth, differ very greatly from that of its neighbours, from the date at which it came into the field. Between 1835 and 1856, when its present constitution, with full responsible government, was conferred upon it, South Australia had to pass through its "pioneer," its "Crown colony," and "Representative government" stages, and suffered the usual vicissitudes, including "universal bankruptcy." Since that time undoubtedly the most far-reaching event in the history of the colony was the acquisition, in 1864, of what is known as the Northern Territory. To South Australia is due the credit of some of the most successful of those daring and terrible explorations of the interior of the great island-continent that lend some of the few touches of heroism associated with the history of antipodean settlement. When Stuart had eventually, after more than one effort, succeeded, in 1862, in reaching the Indian Ocean overland from Adelaide, the colonists would not hear of the control of the northern territory being assigned by the home Government to any other hands but their own. "South Australia" became a misnomer when, in the next year, the whole territory, from its then northern boundary to the Indian Ocean lying between the 129th and 138th meridians of east longitude, was attached to it by the Colonial Office under the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Angas was among the more far-seeing men who at the time were opposed to the assumption of the enormous responsibility attaching to the attempt to colonize the other side of the continent, only practically accessible by sea, with the inadequate means that existed for an undertaking of such vast magnitude, and the subsequent history of the northern territory has justified their prescience. Its tropical dependency—for that is, in fact, what the relationship amounts to—has been a source of weakness rather than of strength to the colony of South Australia proper. Its possession has, indeed, been the cause of a truly splendid undertaking on the part of so limited a community as that of South Australia. The erection of the transcontinental telegraph from Port Augusta, on the South Pacific, to Port Darwin, on the Indian Ocean, across the immense arid waste of the Australian interior, was a work of which any people might be proud. For the development of the northern territory, as for other portions of tropical Australia, the one great requirement is labour—suitable and cheap. "Chinese cheap labour" did not answer; and the general Australian policy of exclusion would now forbid a repetition of the experiment on better lines. An Indian Coolie Immigration Act was passed in 1879, but has not been fruitful of results, though quite recently a fresh attempt has been made to work under it. But the labour problem in tropical Australia is one of the gravest importance, affecting other colonies as well as South Australia, and will probably be only effectually dealt with by federal action.

* *History of South Australia*. With Maps. By Edwin Hodder. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

Reminiscences of Australian Early Life. By a Pioneer. Illustrated by Hume Nisbet. London: A. P. Marsden. 1893.

Another book about Australia, published on the same day, is called *Reminiscences of Australian Early Life*, by a Pioneer. It is an unpretentious little work, not challenging criticism or very serious notice of any kind. It would be unkind to ask why a book of the sort comes to be written at all, since it can add but little to what we know or picture of life up-country in the early days of Australian settlement. The writer is, we should say, evidently one of that fast-vanishing class of persons called in the colonies "old identities," men who have become identified (if we understand the phrase aright) with the place they belong to, having grown up with it from the beginning of its existence—a class whose names, alas! are now chiefly associated with the obituary notices in local papers where the decease of one of them is always chronicled under the heading "Death of another Old Identity." Happily, our author is not dead yet; happily, certainly, for himself, for he finds still, he tells us, a solace and pleasure in his declining years in recalling the life of days that are gone. And herein, no doubt, is the answer to the question why the book was written. And, after all, why should it not have been written? The *Reminiscences* are told in simple unaffected fashion, and a reader, especially, perhaps, a boy reader, whose palate for fare of the kind is not yet jaded, may derive no little innocent amusement in an idle hour from some of the stories told. The anecdote of the lawyer who turned squatter, and, when he ought to have been minding his sheep, would take a volume of Blackstone out of what must have been a rather capacious pocket, and solemnly read out of it to his shepherd, will catch the attention of an older generation of legal men by the introduction into the narrative of their whilome familiars, John Doe and Richard Roe. It is consoling to learn that the good man who would thus read on, forgetting all about his sheep, returned afterwards to the profession he surely should never have left, and achieved success there which compensated him for all his sheep having died of catarrh—a fate which need not surprise us. Boys again will be amused at a kind of black-fellow booby-trap that one Jack Shaw, a shepherd, and a faithful one, albeit an "old hand" withal (that is a freed convict), used to set at the door of his hut to keep the natives from robbing it in his absence. An old pistol loaded with slugs entered largely into the composition of this ingenious device. There is an amusing story too, told with a good deal of humour, of the evangelizing experiences of an amateur missionary travelling among the bush people of the "back blocks." He obtained leave to hold a service in a woolshed, and on Sunday morning appeared with a sermon and, what is more, with a black gown to match; but the hoped-for congregation began with one accord to make excuses. One said he was a Roman Catholic, another that he had never been to church yet, and did not mean to begin, and so on through all the hands on the station, like the guests in the parable. Eventually the owner of the station, not wishing that the good man should be disappointed, passed the word that rum would be served out after the service—with results that may be imagined. Quite funny, too, is the account of the wholesale baptism of the young heathens of the bush. Their parents consented, but did not undertake to catch the children for the operation, so they had to be literally ridden down by the would-be administrant of the sacred rite; and, when caught, submitted not without struggles to the ceremony, which was performed to an accompaniment, in some cases, of loud-mouthed vituperation on the part of the parents. There are plenty of the usual stories of bush-ranging, and bailing-up, and the sticking-up of banks, and of scuttling gold-ships on the voyage to England. The author claims, by the way, to have been the first to bring the news of the Australian gold-fields, having been landed in a pilot-boat at Penzance. But his geography or his memory is somewhat at fault, for he speaks of the ship having already reached the Downs before he left her to be landed at Penzance.

MASTERS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.*

THE popularity of the "Series" is so great that the appearance of one more example in a field of enterprise already well occupied scarcely calls for remark. In music, however, although musical biography and criticism have not been neglected, there is room for fresh openings in serial undertakings, and much might be urged in favour of such a scheme as is indicated by "*Masters of Contemporary Music*," the new series of biographical and critical sketches edited by Mr. Charles Willeby. Within the last twenty years a great change has affected the musical world. The public interest in contemporary music has grown prodigiously in all countries, but especially in England, owing to the more enlightened relations that now exist between the centres of musical

life. Contemporary music is no longer restricted to the land of its production, and condemned, as it once was, to a more or less prolonged period of probation, or of isolation in its native country. It is addressed to the world at large, and not restricted to a small circle. The last new work of Brahms or of Dvořák, and the last new Italian or French opera, speedily make the grand tour of the world, just as the works of English composers of our time—Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Stanford, Dr. Mackenzie, and others—are produced in foreign parts, and have even had a first hearing there. The English composer of oratorio or cantata has not to wait many weary years for the production of his work. He takes his rightful place at our festivals in the company of ancient classics and modern masterpieces of foreign composers. The remarkable activity and vitality of music and musical life in England is naturally favourable to the spirit of reciprocity. The organizers of the great Festivals encourage the hearing of contemporary music, both English and foreign, while Dr. Stanford at Cambridge, and other heads of our chief musical associations, have worked with admirable results in the same direction. In these circumstances, so stimulative of the public interest in the music of the day, such a project as Mr. Willeby's series of volumes on contemporary music and musicians would seem to promise much profit and instruction to the curious and inquiring musical public. We cannot say, however, that the promise is altogether fulfilled by Mr. Willeby's opening volume of *Masters of English Music*. In the first place, Mr. Willeby's style—if we may so speak, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, of what is manner, and not style—is marked by an extraordinary disregard of the very elements of the art of writing. There is really no virtue in music by which the writer on music is freed from obligations which are incurred by every one who writes, and we are tolerably certain as to what Mr. Willeby would say of a musical composition as confused in method and as defiant of grammar and accuracy as Mr. Willeby's volume. There is a profusion of slovenly spelling and verbal inelegance in the book. At p. 191 we have "As to whether there is excuse to be found for him, I will not go into, but will content myself, &c." At p. 88 "Some people theorize that the chief essentials of a good conductor are that he play a variety of instruments, &c." At p. 212 "The end and the means should be saturate in each other." Mr. Willeby is attached to the expression "saturate in." It seems to be to him what "situate in" is to the auctioneer. He also writes "from out which" and "clarity." He is not averse from beginning a sentence with "Personally I," and he styles Sir Arthur Sullivan "the most omnivorous [sic] of musicians." "*Savoir faire*," "Christie Eleison," "Carmen Secularæ," "Prosper Merrimé," "George Bizet," "Reinicke," "St Sæns," "Tîle Enchantée," "Giuligni," are forms of spelling plentifully sprinkled in these pages. The persistency of this free and independent habit is so remarkable that, when Mr. Willeby deviates into accuracy, he causes unfeigned surprise.

These trifling defects may not greatly distress readers who are naturally more interested in the biographical element of Mr. Willeby's sketches than in the critical. Anecdote is always pleasing, even when it is not absolutely novel, and Mr. Willeby's narratives of the careers of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Cowen are pleasantly diversified by stories of popular interest. We may all enjoy once more the account of how Sir Arthur was mistaken for a notorious prize-fighter by an admirer in the Wild West of America. The precocity and facility of this admirable composer are also strikingly illustrated in what is, perhaps, the least inadequate of the five sketches in the volume. There is humour, too, though possibly unconscious humour, in it, as when Mr. Willeby comments on the production of the *Sorcerer* as memorable because it served to introduce Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Rutland Barrington to the stage. "It was at that time," he observes, "a matter of the very greatest difficulty to find artists who could both sing and act." Then of Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful prelude to *Colomba* we find it written:—"It is, above all, music to be studied—to be admired. To love it would be to submit it to an indignity. It permits of no undue familiarity." What an exalted and poetic idea of love is enshrined in this enigmatic utterance! And when we seek for light and leading in Mr. Willeby, we find ourselves confronted with odd caprice or palpable contradiction. It is often impossible to trace his criticism through a reasoned process to a base of conviction; and what looks like a confession of faith on one page is disconcerted by what has all the show of recantation on another. At p. 275 Dr. Parry is said to be "almost bourgeois" because he possesses the very virtues that are utterly foreign to the *homme moyen artistique*. The astonishing conclusion that "there are no pronouncedly individual features" in Dr. Stanford's orchestration we are unable to trace to any one disability in Mr. Willeby.

* *Masters of English Music*. By Charles Willeby. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.

The critic does not formulate his views. We may hazard the suggestion, however, that this amusing judgment of one of the most original of living composers may be connected somehow with Mr. Willeby's distaste for Brahms, of whom he writes:—"He [Dr. Stanford] can listen to the Fourth Symphony in E minor—yea, even to the Clarionet Trio"—Mr. Willeby always writes "clarionet"—and pronounce them beautiful." But it is hard to discover any bottom-rock of critical conviction in the vast sea of Mr. Willeby's writing. Sir Arthur Sullivan, he tells us, "did not lose sight of the fact that the real purpose of a profession, be it that of music, literature, art, or medicine, is to turn knowledge and talents to pecuniary profit," and he supports this definition with a kind of defence of "pot-boilers." We will not consider the accuracy of this not very lofty ideal, but it is significant that the author assumes a different tone in his sketch of Dr. Mackenzie's life and works (p. 121). Still more confused is Mr. Willeby's criticism of Sir Arthur Sullivan as a composer of opera. He has heard it said, he observes, that Sir Arthur has "no sense of drama" (p. 91), and he attempts to contest this view, and shows that he does not distinguish between the dramatic faculty and knowledge of stage-craft or stage-writing. Indeed, he virtually gives up his case when he observes of the composer (p. 94), "He is not the man to write music merely descriptive of and suitable to any given character." And this brings us to Mr. Willeby's bewildering history of the production of *Ivanhoe* and the collapse of English Grand Opera, which is altogether a striking exhibition of the art of "facing both ways," a jumble of flagrant contradiction and of inexplicable "explanation." Every kind of explanation of the withdrawal of the opera is suggested, save the obvious and rational explanation. There was the "lavish expenditure" of the manager on "dresses and scenery." There was the "vocal and histrionic inefficiency." There was the "amateurism" of its "interpretation." But Mr. Willeby never ventures to indicate what he means by "amateurism" and the rest. He commends Mr. Cellier's orchestra, Mr. Oudin's "Templar," Mr. Ben Davies's "*Ivanhoe*," and Miss Macintyre's "*Rebecca*" with much enthusiasm. He ought, in justice, to cite the admirable impersonations of Rebecca and Rowena by Miss Palliser. Where, then, are we to seek the "amateurism"? In the chorus, or the "supers," it would seem. The mystery is left entirely unsolved. We had forgotten to exculpate Mr. Joseph Bennett, but there is little occasion when Mr. Willeby acquits him so handsomely. Writing of the "book" of *Ivanhoe*, he says, "no such book as this ever inspired a musician of the calibre of Arthur Sullivan." Scott's novel may be a mere "panorama of events," just as Longfellow's *Golden Legend* is "a not very intelligible poem," but never was composer so blessed as in the books of this heaven-sent librettist. Thus this cryptic business is enveloped with new, and most superfluous, darkness by Mr. Willeby. Doubtless, there may be darker passages in the book, especially in the higher flights of criticism, but we have thought it better to exemplify the gayer and more popular aspects.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

"ARVÈDE BARINE" has done the by no means easy subject of Musset extremely well (1). Furnished with an almost embarrassing supply of unpublished documents, with permission in some cases to quote and sum up, though not to reproduce, the biographer has chosen to dwell rather on the personal side than on the artistic, which, in face of the fact that documents mostly hostile have been lavishly published, is perhaps excusable. It is, or may be, open to doubt whether the absolutely fatal and determining influence of the George Sand episode is not a little exaggerated, as well as the positive necessity of the *liaison* ending ill; but an excess in the sentimental direction is scarcely a drawback in a biographer of Musset. Treat him from the Philistine, or from the philosophical, point of view, and misconception is nearly certain. At the same time it must not be supposed for a moment that Arvède Barine "gives hands" to the modern depreciation of Musset from the literary point of view. There was probably no room both for the biographical details given and for a complete critical vindication; but Arvède Barine has drawn a good bow against the enemy in the latter respect also. After all, we do not know that it is very much use saying more—though there is much more to be said—than the simple phrases which close the book:—"Il attendra. Son grand tort c'est d'être encore trop près de nous." But perhaps it is not altogether fatuous for those

to hug themselves a little to whom he is neither *trop près* nor *trop loin*, who have never admired him from mere *engouement*, and so are in no danger of disliking him from the feeling of what Arvède Barine happily calls the "*gène de la veille*." It is not necessary, though it is common, to be alternately blinded in these two ways; you need neither follow wandering lights nor turn your back on the fixed stars unless you are a fool. If you are a fool, why, there is no more to be said, and certainly the author of the *Nuits* and the *Chanson de Barbarine*, of *L'Andalouse* and the *Stanzas at Venice*, can have neither need of your homage nor care for your disdain.

It is rather fortunate that, by accident apparently, and with different publishers, an edition of the *Nouveaux contes cruels* (2) and a biography of their singular author should have appeared simultaneously. Villiers de l'Isle Adam was one of those half-fortunate, half-unfortunate persons who can hardly exist except in a certain milieu, and who find themselves in that milieu, live the life, but incur a curse with it. M. du Pontavice de Heussey (3), who was not only his cousin, rather, as he admits, *à la mode de Bretagne*, but knew him well both at home in Brittany itself and in Paris has given a good account of the life, clearing up all the malicious insinuations about Villiers's pretensions to ancestry, and recounting his Bohemian ways and curious crazes with a lenient and affectionate touch, due not only to kinship, but to a rather excessive estimate of the talent of the author of *Akèdysseril*. But the *Contes* are there to set the matter right. As we read them we take down and blow the dust from the stately *Parnasse contemporain* of seven and twenty years ago, and read again *Helène* and the "Sketch in Goya's manner" and the charming stanzas "*A une enfant taciturne*." Nor are we quite certain that Villiers any more than certain others made a real progress when he turned from Parnassian verse to symbolist (or *chosiste*) prose. There was always power in his work, and sometimes there was a delightful literary accomplishment. But, as he went on, like so many of his contemporaries, he seemed more and more to endeavour to make up for a decreasing command and mastery of style proper by an increasing addiction to oddity, novelty, "difference"—if we may say so—of subject and of mere manner. However, as we have said, there is no doubt that he had power, and even these stories, far as they are from exhibiting him at his best, will show him not at his worst. The life is both touching and amusing, the episode of the two Sosias or claimants to the true and undivided succession of the Grand Master and the fifteenth-century knight having naturally most of the first kind of interest; the account of the poet's death-bed marriage to his mistress, for whom a good priest had obtained permission to nurse him in hospital, most of the latter. This last narrative is from the pen of M. Huysmans, and shows how natural and excellent the author of *La-Bas*, when he chooses, can be. There were three of the *quatre-vingt rimeurs* of '66 there—M. Mallarmé, M. Dierx, and the dying man, as well as M. Huysmans and another—when this poor bride of a fantastically proud *fils des croisés* had to confess that she could not write. After all (and the humour would not have displeased Villiers himself), it was probably the same with more than one of his ancestresses!

We can give but brief notice to the fourth volume (Calmann Lévy) of the *Théâtre* of Octave Feuillet, containing "*Le sphinx*," "*Un roman parisien*," "*La partie de dames*," and "*Chamillac*"; to an extremely pretty edition of the version of Scarron's *Don Japhet d'Arménie* (Lemerre), given in February of this year at the Français, and arranged by M. Claretie and M. Truffier; to a violent and amusing diatribe—in a red cover—on *La société mourante* (Tresse et Stock), by M. Jean Grave, with preface by M. Octave Mirbeau, who appears to think that only *bourgeois indécorables* can fail to admire it; and to two parts, those for April and May, of M. Grand-Carteret's amusing periodical, *Le livre et l'image*. In the latter, however, we must just notice in passing a comparative article by the editor on old and new skits on crinoline, a pleasant collection of caricatures of Meissonier and his works, a well-deserved panegyric of the late M. Jouaust, who gave us so many delightful books, a paper on bookmarkers (how many people know the French for "bookmarker"?), and one on a newly discovered and very striking bust of "*La Saint-Huberty*," if it, indeed, be she. If it be, we rather envy M. le Comte d'Antraigues, notwithstanding the fate that fell on both.

(2) *Nouveaux contes cruels et propos d'au-delà*. Par A. de Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Villiers de l'Isle Adam*. Par R. du Pontavice de Heussey. Paris: Savine.

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Alfred de Musset*. Par Arvède Barine. Paris: Hachette.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN connexion with the jubilee of the Disruption it is natural enough that various new books on the Free Church of Scotland should have appeared, in which a story that has often been told—notably in the well-known *Annals of the Disruption*—is retold with minute particularity. Every writer on the subject has something to say, either in tones of regretful wonder or of scornful resignation—as in utter despair of Southron intelligence—of the notorious ignorance of Englishmen about this great historical movement, its origin and its effects. Certainly, since the means of enlightenment abound, the ignorance is not a little deplorable. Still it is—or, perhaps, we should say it was—not altogether inexcusable. It is for historians to trace movements to their first causes; and if historians themselves are not agreed, it is hardly wonderful that benighted people south of the Tweed suffer the pains of puzzlement. Dr. Peter Bayne, whose history, *The Free Church of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Clark), is marked by a fervour of conviction that seems proper to a Disrupter of 1842 rather than to a historian in this present year of grace, declares that "It was out of patronage that all the troubles of the Church had arisen." More critical, it seems to us, is the treatment of the question in *Scotland's Free Church* (Constable & Co.), by Messrs. George Buchanan Ryley and John McCandlish, which deals, not only with the Free Church movement, but sketches in a kind of retrospect the history of the Church in Scotland from the time of Columba. As Mr. Ryley says, the Free Church leaders denied that they went out on the question of Establishment and Voluntaryism, and it might accurately be maintained that "they did not go out on the question of patronage and congregationalism." Certainly the views of Chalmers as to the Voluntary system were not those held by Dissenters. Some have thought that the flabby Whig Ministry of the day was largely responsible for the Disruption. Even Dr. Bayne thinks that "some good might have ensued" if the Government had acted in good time and in good faith, instead of delaying the issue of the Queen's Letter to the Assembly until the eleventh hour. Both these volumes, though written from the rigid Disrupter's point of view, deserve the attention of everybody interested in the question. Mr. Ryley's book includes among its illustrations some amusing caricatures of the period. There is "The Reel of Bogie," a dance of defiance by Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham, and others, with Hope, the Lord Justice Clerk, entering the room, brandishing his sword. Another, showing the procession of the Free Separatists from the Constitutional Assembly, is not less shrewd and diverting. Mr. McCandlish contributes an interesting sketch of "Free Church Finance," and deals with the working of the Sustentation Fund, education, missions, and income, to the present day.

The Rev. Robert Howie, a Free Church minister of Glasgow, has tabulated, in *The Churches and the Churchless in Scotland* (Glasgow: Bryce), some elaborate statistics of church membership, finances, attendance, &c., in Scotland, "compiled from official sources in every case where these have been available." By "the Churchless," Mr. Howie means the "unattached," those who own no connexion—a large and increasing portion of the community, it would seem. The natural man has an awe for statistics, which is not likely to be lessened by the contemplation of Mr. Howie's volume. Comparative tables of "facts and figures" can scarcely be very useful unless all the data are drawn from irreproachable sources. We may accept the curious statement that almost every denomination in Scotland is "retrograding as respects attendances," whatever the official returns may show as to increased membership, yet we feel very considerable distrust of the figures. We cannot share Mr. Howie's confidence in the attendance "census," whether it be the work of an enterprising newspaper editor or of a more "inspired" authority. It is impossible to keep such a project from the knowledge of interested persons. Statistics of membership, and of salaries and contributions of congregations, should be more trustworthy, yet even with regard to returns of membership Mr. Howie's tables are wanting in uniformity of authority. The annual returns of the Established Church and of the United Presbyterian are, Mr. Howie says, "models of completeness," while those of the Free Church, excepting as regards finance, are "provokingly incomplete."

The Harp of Perthshire (Gardner), Mr. Robert Ford's anthology of Perth poets—there are ninety-five of them, exclusive of "outside authors," who have honoured the county with song—is a goodly volume of ballads and lyrics, old and modern. Mr. Ford might well have discarded outsiders altogether, and thus have ignored entirely the precedent of *The Harp of Renfrewshire*. The native product of the county, as this volume shows, needs no extraneous illustration of its charms. Of the older writers, Gavin Douglas and Henry Adamson head the selection. From

the *Muses Threnodie* or "Mirthful Mournings on the Death of Mr. Gall" of Adamson, the story of the fight between those "cursed clans Chattan and Kay" is extracted—a narrative much less moving than in the stirring pages of Scott. Of ballads there is rich store, such as "Killiecrankie," "Sir James the Rose," "Gilderoy" (as Durfey prints it), "The Bonnie Earl of Moray," "The Weary Coble o' Cargill," "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," "The Earl of Athol's Nurse," and the curious "Cromlet's Lilt," with the not less quaint "Reply." The rhymes in the "Reply," by the way, appear to be corrupt, if we accurately recall the ballad as printed by Maidment. In one stanza "deserts" should be "desart" or "desert," to rhyme with "art" and "tart." Apart from the ballads, Lady Nairne is the most illustrious of Perthshire song-writers, and Mr. Ford does well to restore the reading "I'm wearing awa', John"—not "Jean"—in "The Land o' the Leal." We are heartily in agreement with Mr. Ford's remarks on people who "will not let well alone," and try to "improve" by adding stanzas to "The Laird of Cockpen," and the like.

Editors of ballad collections have differed among themselves not less on the question of authenticity than in their choice of a "version." Mr. Ford, who claims "The Bonnie Earl of Moray" as a Perthshire ballad, writes of "three versions" of the ballad—two with this title, and one known as "Young Waters." The editor of *The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland* (Gardner), of which we have a new and revised edition, mentions two versions in his note on "Young Waters," which popular ballad he prints partly from Buchanan's text and partly from Lady Home's version. Between this ballad and Mr. Ford's six stanzas of the "Bonnie Earl" there is really no perceptible connexion. Mr. Ford's is but a "snatch" of an old ballad. His version of "Sir James the Rose," however, is very superior to the modern example of Michael Bruce—"The Buchanshire Tragedy; or, Sir James the Ross," included in *The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland*.

Mr. R. Maynard Leonard's anthology, *The Dog in British Poetry* (Nutt), has the rare distinction of novelty and charm. The selection is admirable, the notes apt and scholarly, and the arrangement, indexing, and type of the book altogether pleasing. We must own that the undertaking so happily executed by Mr. Leonard had seemed to us one of no great promise. Not that we were of that critic's mind who suggested, as Mr. Leonard says, that the force of foolishness in anthology-making could not go further than the collecting of dog-poems. What might be feared was that the subject should be illustrated mainly by snippets of verse, with too much of mere "quotation." Mr. Leonard has steered clear of such shallows. His book is a true anthology, and one of the most delightful we know of, both from the dog-lover's point of view and that of the lover of poetry. The notes are richly suggestive and allusive. Among the less familiar verse there are extracts from the *Cynegeticon Liber*, translations from Gratius Faliscus and Oppian, commending the "brisk greyhound" and the "agasses," that "small bold breed" that was so "steady to the game," which some think were beagles, others harriers, and Camden calleth "agase-hounds." But, as the index of species shows, almost every kind of dog is represented, from the extinct "Alaun" of Chaucer's Knight to Scott's "dogs of black St. Hubert's breed."

Bon Mots of Sydney Smith and Sheridan (Dent & Co.), edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, is a pretty little book illustrated with some very clever "grotesques," somewhat Japanese in style, by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. From both authors the selection given is thoroughly representative.

From Messrs. Dent & Co. we have the first issue of a new edition of the works of the sisters Brontë—*Shirley*, in two volumes—an attractive reprint, uniform with the publishers' charming edition of Miss Austen's novels, recently completed. Mr. Greig's illustrations are graceful and spirited.

The two volumes of *Ivanhoe* which form the instalment of Mr. Nimmo's "Border Waverley" for the current month are illustrated by M. Lalauze, whose accomplishment as etcher and book-illustrator is agreeably displayed in these picturesque and really congenial drawings. With a lightness of touch proper to the theme, Mr. Lang deals with the strictures of the late Mr. Freeman and other critics on Scott's representation, or misrepresentation, of England in the twelfth century.

The re-issue, in monthly parts, of *Johnson's Gardener's Dictionary* (Bell & Sons), edited by Messrs. C. H. Wright and D. Dewar, is so considerably enlarged and improved, after a lapse of thirty years since the last revision, as to be practically a new work. From a careful examination of Parts III. and IV. we find the revision and the additional matter deserving of all praise. Every gardener, and every one who loves a garden, or owns one, should possess this book. With the best features of older works, such as *Paxton's Dictionary*, it supplies also

valuable information with regard to all kinds of gardening operations, culture, insect pests, and other matters of utility.

Mr. John A. Bridges, in *Poets All* (Ward & Downey), shines as the sketcher of strange folk rather than as a story-teller. His story, indeed, is of the thinnest fabric. His minor poet and critic are wonderful, if not very plausible. And the publisher's reader, who reads for many publishers, and invariably leaves his thumb-mark on the MS., is the most astonishing of all these literary gents.

The author of *Mr. W. E. Gladstone: a Life Misspent* (Simpkin & Co.), if not another "Junius," is the inditer of lively letters on the political adventures of the Prime Minister.

Among recent new editions, we note Mr. James Bryce's *The American Commonwealth*, vol. i., third edition, revised (Macmillan & Co.); the late Mr. Freeman's *History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy* (Macmillan & Co.), edited by J. B. Bury, M.A., with an additional chapter on Italy, and one on Germany, unfinished; *Burns's Poetical Works*, edited by George A. Aitken, Aldine edition, three volumes (Bell & Sons); Mr. J. A. Fisher's *Railway Accounts and Finance* (Bemrose & Sons); and a new cheap edition of Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* (Sampson Low & Co.).

We have also received the English edition of the *Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon* (Chatto & Windus); Mr. Henry Blackburn's *New Gallery Illustrated Catalogue* (Chatto & Windus); the *Emigrants' Handbooks* for 1893, issued by the Emigrants' Information Office, under the direction of the Colonial Office, invaluable guides to all who contemplate emigration; *The World of Forgotten Children*, being the Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; the *Report of the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris, nineteenth year* (Skipper & East); *A Review of Mr. Courtney's "Bimetallism Once More,"* by the author of *Money* (Eflingham Wilson); the *Annual Report of the Post Office Orphan Homes Institution*; an illustrated Guide, with useful maps, from Leith to Norway, Germany, and Denmark, issued by the Leith, Hull, and Hamburg Steam Packet Company; and the *Catalogue of the instructive and representative Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances at the Museum of the Hornsey Local Board, Highgate.*

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The following is a summary of the Report referred to:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £710,763 5s. 1d., showing an increase of £21,463 13s. 10d. over those of the previous year.

The LOSSES amounted to £190,100 5s. 4d., or 27 per cent. of the premiums. The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £233,694 19s. 7d., or 32 1/2 per cent. of the premiums. After reserving the usual 3 1/2 per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a loss was incurred of £10,387 11s. 1d.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

ASSURANCE BRANCHES.—The new assurances during the year reached in the aggregate the sum of £392,940. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £14,651 8s. 3d., and single premiums amounting to £260 7s. 6d.

The TOTAL INCOME of the Year (including interest) was £318,205 7s. 11d.

The CLAIMS amounted to £179,523 3s. 9d.

The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received.

ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £15,453 11s. 6d. was received for Annuities granted during the year.

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £2,637,441 17s. 5d.

The Report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that the total amount to be distributed amongst the shareholders for the year 1892 be £67,506, being dividend of £2 5s. per share.

London Board of Directors.

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LIFE DEPARTMENT—F. LAING, Actuary.

General Manager of the Company—JAS. VALENTINE.

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